

The Sketch

No. 1161.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1915.

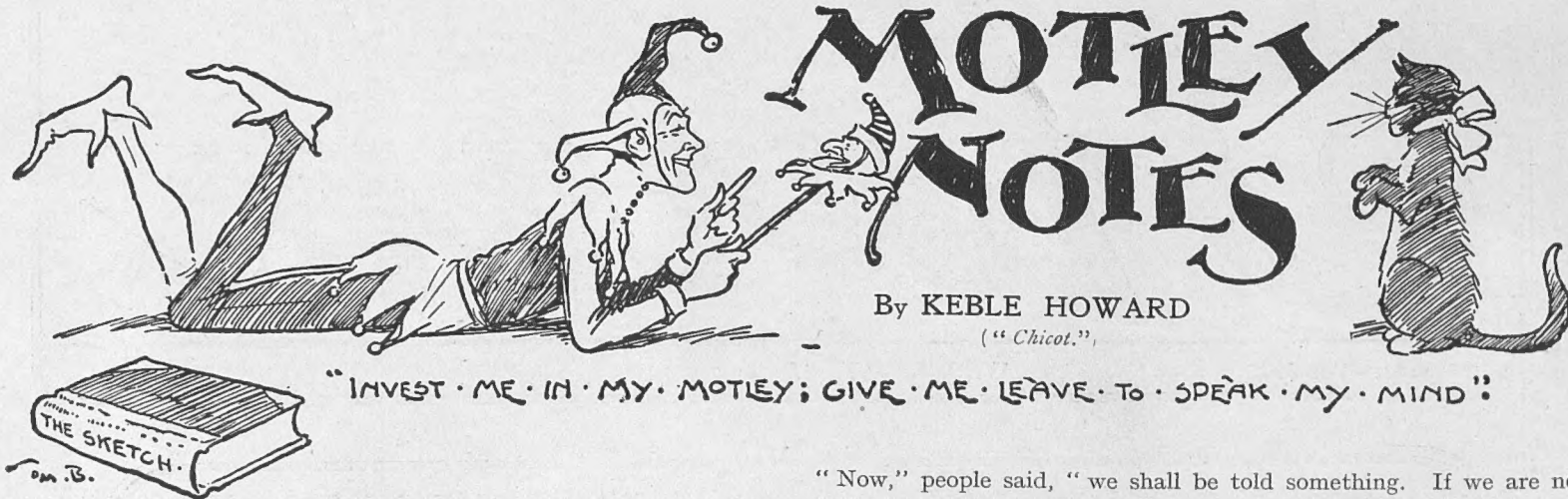
SIXPENCE.



THE CHARMING NEW CHÂTELAINE OF DUBLIN CASTLE: LADY WIMBORNE, WIFE OF THE VICEROY OF IRELAND.

Gracious and smiling, the wife of the new Viceroy of Ireland won the warm hearts of the Irish people who crowded the streets of Dublin from Westland Row Station to the Castle, when Lord Wimborne made his State Entry into the city. A few days later, the Viceroy, in receiving a deputation, included Lady Wimborne in a promise to inspect, and take practical interest in, Irish industries, and the

new régime at the Castle may be considered to have commenced most auspiciously. Lady Wimborne was known before her marriage, in 1902, as the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, and she is the younger daughter of the second Baron Ebury. She has a son, the Hon. Ivan Grosvenor Guest; and two daughters, the Hons. Rosemary Sibell and Cynthia Edith Guest.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



Out of the Know. These are days of humiliation for people who are not in the know. We are a small band, but we are very thorough in our ignorance. We know absolutely nothing. We do not even know each other. Were it not for the saving grace of imagination, I might easily believe myself to be the one and only person in the British Empire not "in the know." But imagination tells me that there must, assuredly, be others.

I think we ought to get together. We ought to form a "Not-in-the-Know Club." We should sit in a circle, holding each other's hands, and wonder about things. We should tell each other, very solemnly and earnestly, what we had read in the paper that morning, and then we should sit still for an hour, in perfect silence, whilst we believed it. Nobody would be admitted as a member of the club who had—

- (a) A cousin in the War Office.
- (b) An aunt who had sat next to Lord Kitchener at dinner.
- (c) A friend who went to school with Winston Churchill.
- (d) A friend who had played golf with Lloyd George at Walton Heath.
- (e) A friend or relative who knew a man who knew a friend or relative of Admiral Jellicoe.

Every candidate would, on the contrary, be compelled to fill in the word "NO" after each of the following questions—

- (1) Do you know when the War will end?
- (2) Do you know when the great advance will begin?
- (3) Do you know whether Lord Kitchener will lead the great advance in person?
- (4) Do you know whether the German Fleet will ever come out?
- (5) Do you know how many German submarines are still extant?
- (6) Do you know what is happening in the Dardanelles?
- (7) Do you know when the Zeppelin attack on London will take place?
- (8) Do you know whether Kitchener's Army is in France or England?
- (9) Do you know what the terms of peace will be?
- (10) Do you know for a fact that the Crown Prince is (a) dead, (b) a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, and (c) an inmate of Hanwell Asylum?

One "Yes," of course, would mean exclusion from the club, which would thus become, automatically, the most exclusive club in the world. A few days ago, I should not have been eligible for it myself. A week ago, I had a tremendous piece of information locked up insecurely in my patriotic bosom. I had been informed, by a person very much in the know, that on April 15, to the very day, ————. But April 15 has come and gone and ———— has not ————.

Now, therefore, my special compartment for the storage of State secrets is vacant. I am quite willing that it should remain vacant. I am quite willing to be one of the humble members of the "Not-in-the-Know Club." The fatigue of telling everybody what one knows, and has been told in the strictest confidence, is too great.

Mr. Asquith's Secrets.

It is astonishing to what an extent quite nice people give way, in time of war, to vulgar curiosity. If we knew the answers to all the questions I have enumerated above, I suppose something might be done with the information. But we don't. Nobody does. Nobody can know. And yet we peer and scan and listen in the hope of finding out.

The announcement that Mr. Asquith was to speak at Newcastle aroused a passion of excitement from end to end of the country.

"Now," people said, "we shall be told something. If we are not told when the war will end, at least we shall hear what the Government have decided to do in the matter of whisky, which is the next important thing." Mr. Asquith made haste to gratify this curiosity. He told his audience all the Cabinet secrets. Here are a few of them—

- (1) We are in the ninth month of the War.
- (2) This War was not of our seeking.
- (3) There is no flagging in the national spirit.
- (4) Patience is a virtue.
- (5) Everybody is affected by this War.
- (6) I am the head of the Government.
- (7) They also serve who "deliver the goods."

No Prime Minister, at such a time of grave responsibility, could possibly say more. Or less.

Edinburgh in Blackness.

It is a weird thing to find yourself at two in the morning wandering about the streets of a comparatively strange and wholly darkened city. That happened to me in Edinburgh one night of last week. I had been bidden to a small, sober, and well-earned (I venture to add) supper-party at one of the large hotels. Whilst we were modestly reinforcing our strength, there came a sudden tap at the door. It was a waiter, who instructed us, at the request of the police, to extinguish most of the lights and draw the curtains more closely over the windows.

Edinburgh was expecting Zeppelins that night. The Scottish folk do nothing by halves. Should they want to darken the city, they extinguish every light in the place. When I left the hotel at two in the morning, therefore, to make my way to the house, near the Castle, in which I was staying, I found the streets absolutely deserted and as black as the blackest night in the depths of the country.

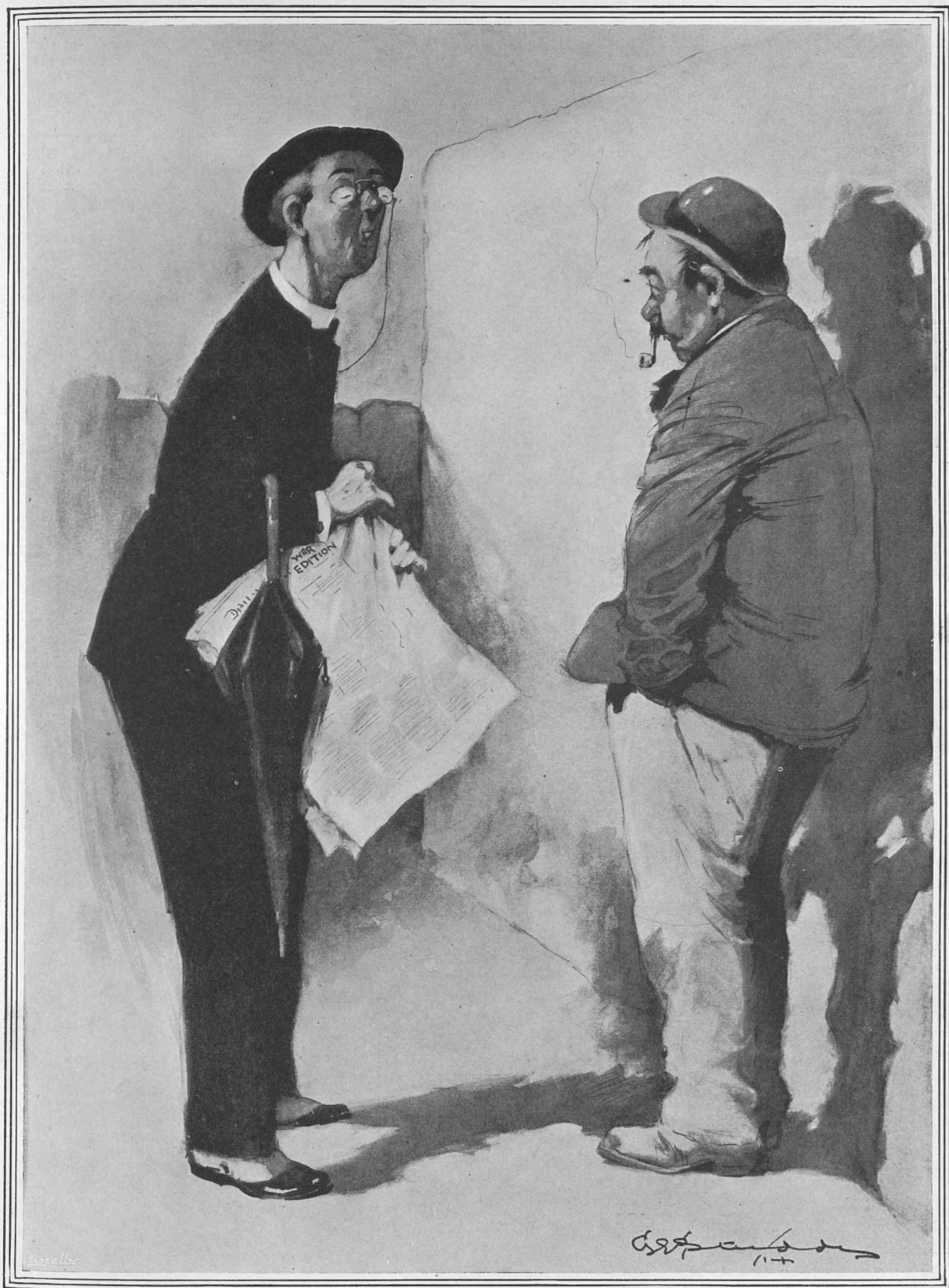
I stood still for a few minutes, getting my pupils expanded. When they had expanded to their fullest and most cat-like extent, I discerned, against the dark sky, the faint outline of the Castle. Head in air, I crept cautiously towards that inspiring blur.

Counting the Houses.

If you know Edinburgh at all—or Glasgow, either, for that matter—you know that the houses in any one street are generally built to one pattern. They are tall, and grey, and flat, with no distinctive feature save the number on the glass over the door. Thanks to the Castle, I found my street, but to find my house was a very different matter. There was nothing for it but to begin at one end and count the houses. And, since one could not see the houses, one had to feel for the doorways with outstretched hands.

It was a slow business, and nobody came to my aid—not even a policeman. Often I lost count, and was compelled to fumble my way to the end of the street and begin all over again. I said some awful things about the Germans. Could he have heard me that night, the Kaiser's blood would have run cold, and the Crown Prince would have fainted dead away. I expected momentarily that somebody would throw up a window and pour a kettle of boiling water over my head. That would have been better than the utter silence, and loneliness, and blackness of the deserted city. I became, by slow degrees, quite familiar with the feel of those houses. I could grope in and out of the entrance to Number One and say "One" in the slickest way. . . . With the first glimmer of dawn, I found that I was in the wrong street.

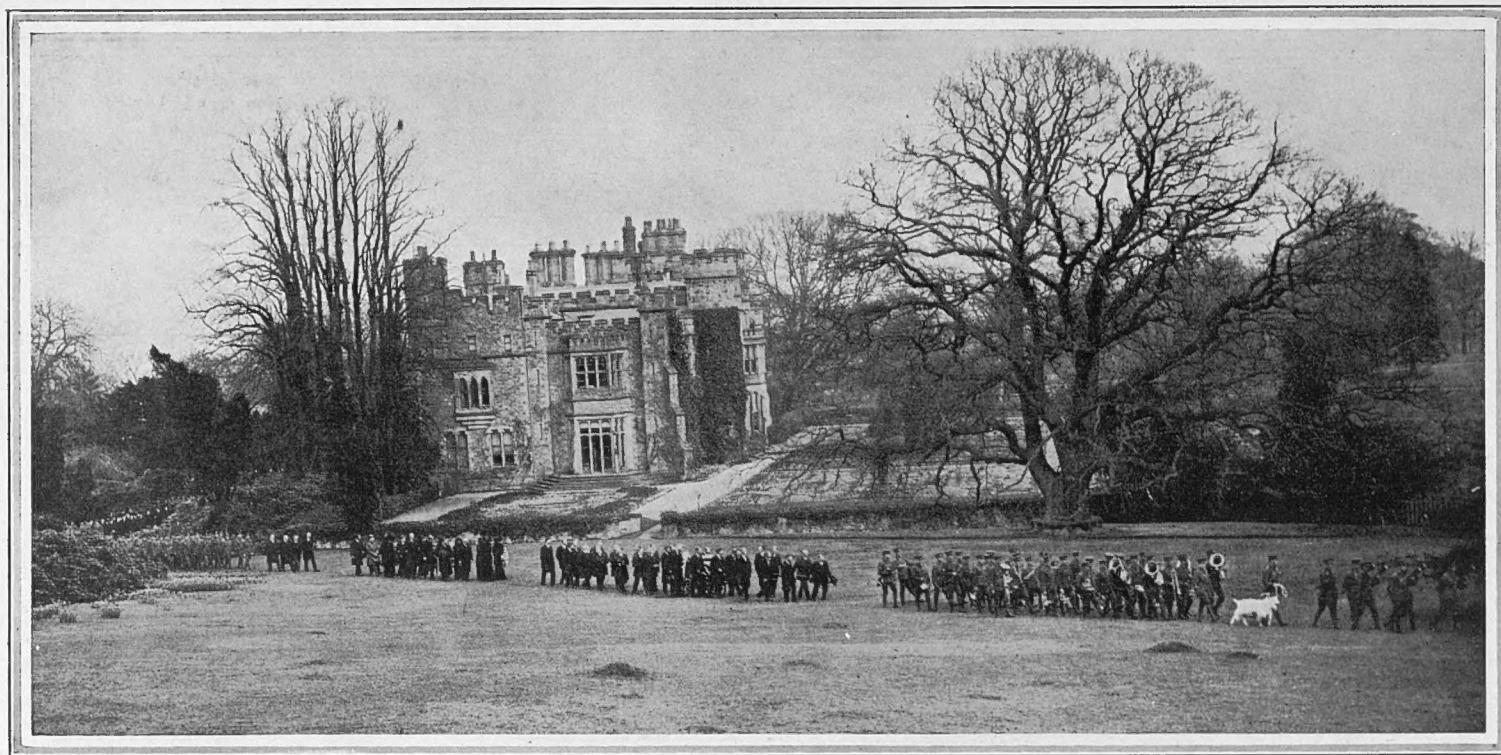
DOWN DRINKS !



THE BLACK SHEEP: Yer carn't expect a man to down the drink 'abit all of a sudden, Mister, wevver 'e's on war work or ain't. It carn't be done.

OUR CURATE (an advocate of "No Drink for War Workers," and full of war news): Well, friend, the devil is terribly strong, no doubt; but if we can't—er—crush him altogether at one blow, we should at least endeavour to—er—outflank him and turn his right.

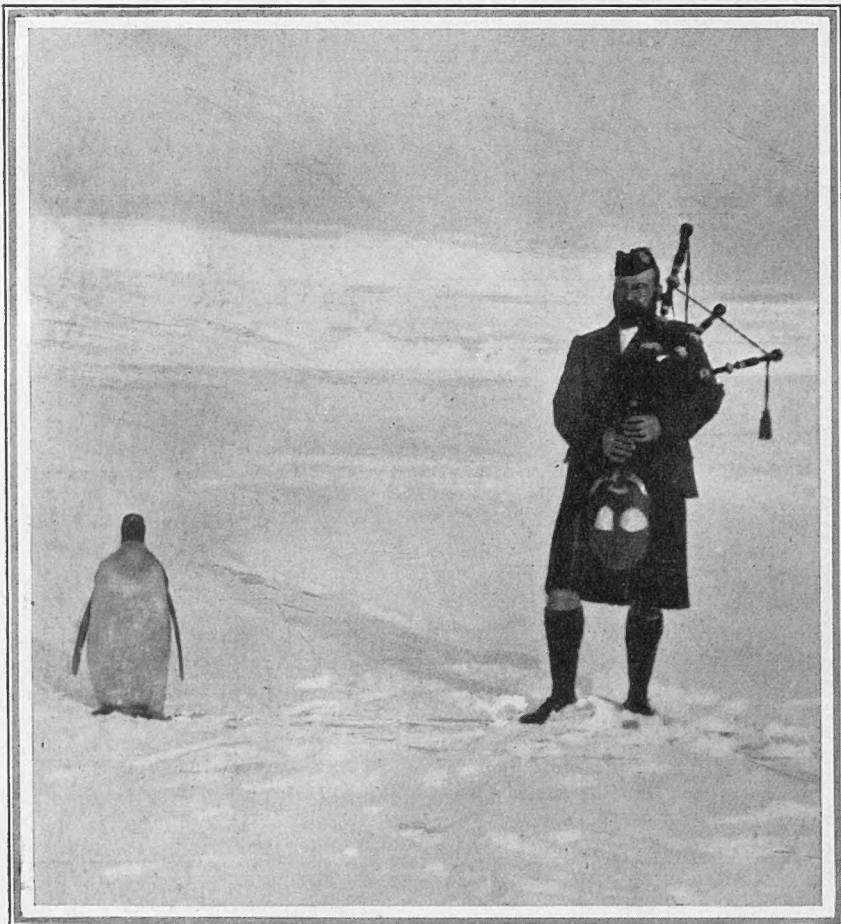
DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

An M.P. Fallen on the Field of Honour: The Burial at Hawarden.

THE REGIMENTAL GOAT AS MOURNER FOR AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS: BILLY IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF LIEUTENANT W. G. C. GLADSTONE.

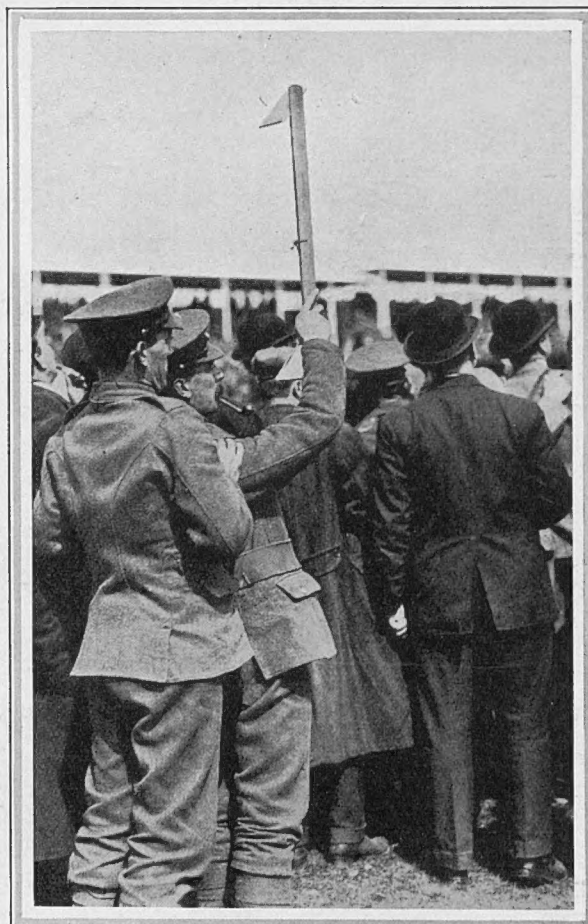
The funeral of Lieutenant William Glynne Charles Gladstone, M.P., of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who fell in action in Flanders on April 13, took place at Hawarden on April 23. The procession was headed by a contingent of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, sent from the Depot at Wrexham, and with it was the regimental mascot, "Billy," a

white goat presented to the Corps by Queen Victoria, which has been on war service, and recently returned from the front. On the coffin, which was draped with the Union Jack, was the late Lieutenant Gladstone's hat and the sword belonging to his uniform as Lord-Lieutenant of Flintshire.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Furthest North and South Pipes; and the Trench Periscope at the Races.

WAKENING THE ANTARCTIC ECHOES AND FASCINATING AN EMPEROR PENGUIN: PIPER KERR WITH THE "SCOTIA" PIPES PRESENTED TO THE 1ST EDINBURGH BATTALION, ROYAL SCOTS.

A set of pipes, with a story of Scottish adventure attached, has been presented by the Director of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory to the 1st Edinburgh Battalion of Royal Scots, the celebrated "Scotia" pipes, which have played further North and further South than any other pipes in the world. Probably they are the only pipes that have played in both the Arctic and the Antarctic Regions. As inscribed on the pipes, they were played on board the "Scotia" during the Scottish National Antarctic



THE TRENCH PERISCOPE FOR "LOOKING OVER" A RACE-COURSE CROWD: SOLDIERS ON LEAVE FROM THE FRONT WATCHING THE GRAND NATIONAL IN NOVEL MANNER.

Expedition of 1902, 1903, and 1904; at Spitzbergen, on board the "Princess Alice" in 1906; and during the equally successful second Scottish Antarctic Expedition of 1907 and 1909.—As a sample of the soldier's ingenuity and resourcefulness, the right-hand illustration deserves more than a passing smile. We see two men on leave from the front watching the Grand National being run, over the backs of the crowd, with a trench periscope—distinctly a new adaptation worth remembering.

Society and the War: The Wife of a Military-Cross Officer; and Engaged.



WIFE OF A WINNER OF THE MILITARY CROSS: MRS. G. E. HOPE OF LUFFNESS.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN KENNETH BARGE: MISS RUTH MANSFIELD.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT RALPH W. HOMAN: MISS RITA HAY.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. K. O'BRIEN: MISS MONICA UNDERHILL.

Mrs. G. E. Hope of Luffness is the wife of Captain G. E. Hope, who was decorated with the Military Cross by the King, on April 22.—Miss Rita Hay, who is to marry Lieutenant Ralph W. Homan, 1st Buffs, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hay, of Tunbridge Wells, late of Shanghai.—The Hon. Geoffrey Howard, whose engagement to the Hon. Ethel Christian Methuen, daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, is announced, is an uncle of the Earl of Carlisle.—Miss Ruth Mansfield,

whose engagement to Captain Kenneth Barge, 17th Cavalry, Indian Army, is announced, is the only daughter of Major-General Sir Herbert Mansfield, K.C.B., and Lady Mansfield, of Bayfield, Headley, Hants.—Miss Monica Underhill, whose engagement to Captain A. K. O'Brien, Queen's Bays, attached to the Royal Flying Corps, of Lumbwe, British East Africa, is announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. Underhill, of Nevorn Square, S.W.

Photograph No. 1, by Sarony; No. 2, 4 and 5, by Val l'Estrange; No. 3, by Barnett.

The War Babies Question: Ladies of the Conference.



LADY MEYER LEAVING THE CONFERENCE.



THE WAR BABIES CONFERENCE: MRS. DICK AND MRS. THESIGER, AFTER THE MEETING.



LADY JELlicoe LEAVING AFTER THE CONFERENCE.

The delicate but inevitable necessity of making wise, humane, and practical arrangements for dealing with the question of babies who may be born, often of unknown parentage, during war time has been courageously faced in the proper spirit by a number of ladies of influence and, in many cases, of a wide experience in philanthropic and

benevolent work, which lends special value to any theories which they may propound and the suggestions which they may make. The first meeting of the Conference has been held, and our photographs show some of the well-known ladies who were present.—[Photographs by Topical and Alfieri.]

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT: AN APPEAL

We publish the letter given below, in case any of our readers would like to reply to it—

C Company, Machine-Gun Section, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
22nd Brigade, 7th Division, British Expeditionary Force.

DEAR SIR,—I have been asked by several of my comrades if I would write to you to see if you could let us have an auto-harp. I am a great player of it, and we could derive many an hour's pleasure from it both in the trenches and out. Welsh Regiment again—I never saw such chaps for music. So, hoping you will be able to gratify our wish, I will close, and remain, Yours sincerely,

PTE. E. A. MUSSON.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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"A DUCK'S EGG!"

A Brace of Amusing Letters from the Front.

THE coloured double-page, "A Duck's Egg!" published in one of our recent Issues, seems to have caused an exceptional amount of interest at the Front: indeed, we have received from the trenches a number of letters about it. Here is one; and its enclosure—with names suppressed at the request of the writers:—

"DEAR 'SKETCH,'

"The letter of appreciation comes from . . . Officers' Mess, . . . and the subalterns want to know (if Mr. Kirchner did not invent the whole thing) where the original resides, in order that they may pose as 'a Friendless Officer at the Front' in need of a cheerful correspondent at home. I myself am a sober paterfamilias, and, of course, am not interested so much in these things; but, all the same, don't mention my name to anyone, or my wife might not believe me.

"Yours faithfully,

"_____"

The letter enclosed reads:—

"Somewhere in the North of France.

"DEAR 'SKETCH,'

"April 15.

"We feel that a special vote of thanks should be rendered to your excellent publication in general, and Mr. Raphael Kirchner in particular, for the coloured Supplement of 'A Duck's Egg' hatching out on March 31. No officers' mess in the North of France is to be found without one or more of your cheering productions on its walls. There is, as you may guess, in these hard times, a complete shortage of the charming reality. We realise that the original, even if securely labelled, would be unlikely to get very far from the port of disembarkation. Might we, therefore, beg of you to persuade Mr. Kirchner to crack a little more of the egg at the earliest opportunity?

"Yours impatiently,

"HOPEFUL."



BOMBS AND CROSSES: THE FRENCH IN EGYPT, PAST AND PRESENT: ROOSEVELT'S GRIM JOKE.

The Neuve Chapelle V.C.s.

In the present war, to be a bomb-thrower seems to be the surest road to winning the Victoria Cross, for of the new V.C.s that have been awarded two were earned by the bomb-throwers of the Grenadier Guards. That this regiment should take naturally to bomb-throwing is only to be expected, for they gained their name from the throwing of hand-grenades, and you may remember that one verse of their marching tune says "Our sergeants march with halberds, and we with hand-grenades." The number of the enemy who surrendered to Private Barber, of the 1st Grenadier Guards, is not given in the official account, but I am told by men whose business it is to inquire into deeds considered worthy of the supreme reward of the little gun-metal cross that quite a host of the German soldiers threw up their hands and surrendered in face of the one British Guardsman and his three bombs.

The Leicestershire "Tigers."

The Leicestershire "Tigers," so-called from

their badge of a tiger with one paw raised, also distinguished themselves greatly by their bomb-throwing at Neuve Chapelle, but apparently no one of these heroes was singled out above his fellows for special gallantry in an action in which all our men were gallant. To me, of all the great deeds that have won Victoria Crosses during the present war, nothing appears so touching as the action of Private Tollerton, of the Cameron Highlanders, who, after helping a wounded officer, and then, though wounded, going back to the fighting line, returned eventually to that wounded officer and lay down beside him, remaining there for three days until both were rescued. There is something dog-like in the affection and faithfulness of such a deed.

The Battle of Hill 60.

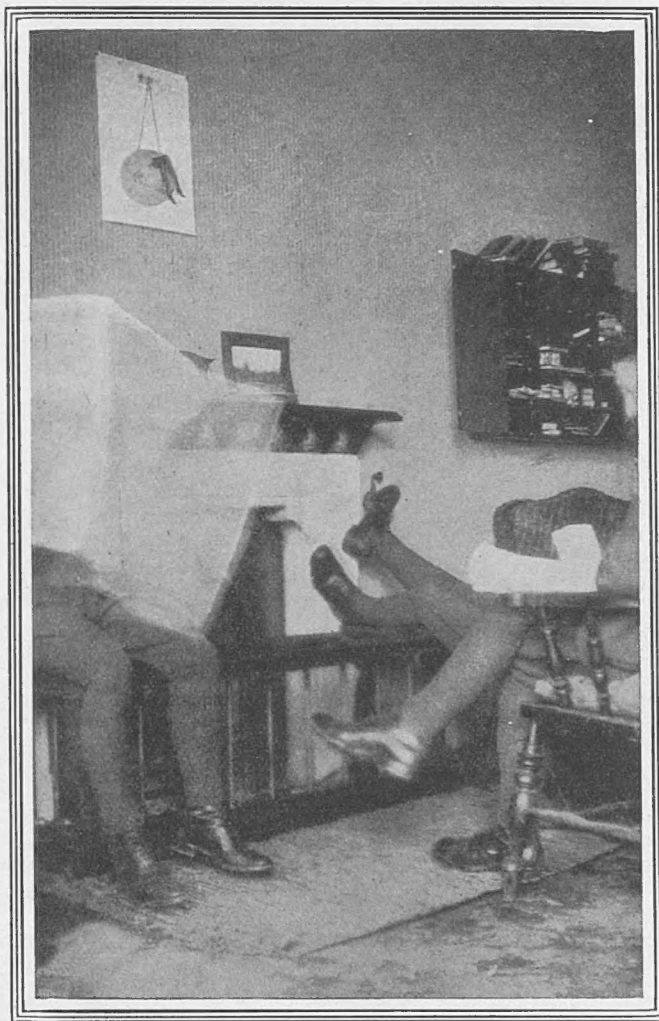
If Neuve Chapelle was the Gunners' battle,

the taking of Hill 60 was the battle of the Royal Engineers. It is said that the explosion of the various mines which our Sappers and Miners had driven under the hill was like a volcano suddenly bursting into activity. The craters formed by the explosions of land mines are now invariably "rushed" and occupied by troops of the nation that has exploded the mine, and this was the case at Hill 60. It is not often that one finds slang in an official despatch, but the statement that the British machine-gun battery which had been rushed up to the crater got "well into" the Germans attempting a counter-attack in close formation was so descriptive that I fancy the purists of the Press Bureau must have looked at it and then allowed it to stand.

The French in Egypt.

The winter before last the remains of some of the French soldiers who, in Napoleon's time, had fought against us in Egypt were disinterred near Alexandria, the dry sand having preserved the uniforms

and accoutrements intact, and all that was left of these men who had marched under the Eagles to the Pyramids were reburied with military pomp and ceremony by the British military authorities. Now once again a French Army is at Alexandria, but this time as the friends of the English, and under the command of a General who knows England and the British troops well, and who is one of our most cordial friends. General d'Amade has presented colours to one of the regiments under his command who are waiting on what is now British soil until the time comes for them to land "somewhere in Turkey." Of the British force that is to co-operate with the French no news has as yet been given out by the War Office, but in the immediate future Briton and Frenchman will be fighting shoulder to shoulder in the Near East, as they are at the present day in Flanders.



LEGS! BRITISH OFFICERS POSING IN IMITATION OF OUR SUPPLEMENT, "A DUCK'S EGG!"

As we note on the page facing this, the Coloured Supplement we published recently under the title, "A Duck's Egg!" has caused exceptional interest among our soldiers at the front and at home; and we have received a number of letters, two of which we give on the opposite page. Here is a photograph showing the picture on a wall of an officers' mess in this country, a photographic study for which certain officers' legs have posed more or less in imitation of those of the lady of the egg! In the letter accompanying the photograph, it is written: "The poses of the officers are not according to the rules of the best regulated messes, but there is no objection to your publishing the photograph! You may see how 'The Sketch' is appreciated by the position of honour the Supplement of the week occupies over the mantelpiece."

"All Legs" might be a suitable title; or, "A Study in Legs."

Colonel Roosevelt's Story.

The New York Herald sent as a present to

Colonel Roosevelt, the ex-President, the manuscript of the sonnet that the poet William Watson addressed to him beginning "Hadst thou been sitting in great Lincoln's chair." The Colonel acknowledged the gift in characteristic manner. He was evidently not thinking so much at the time of rousing the thunders "lulled in her great hand"—"her" in this case being America—as of thundering himself against Americans going to Europe out of curiosity to see battle-fields and battles. He ended his letter by telling a story of a French officer who found some tourists near the battle-front, and very promptly put them to work digging trenches and kitchen sinks and performing other offices for the good of the fighters. He ended his letter of acknowledgment by hoping that any American tourists who from motives of idle curiosity visited the battle-fields would meet an officer who would treat them in similar fashion.

"Frustrate Their Knavish Tricks."

In the Church of Ireland Synod there was a discussion

as to whether the third verse of "God Save the King" should be permitted in the Hymnal, and eleven of the members were unwilling that its very emphatic words should be retained there. There certainly is nothing of "Love Your Enemies" in this verse, which was written by Henry Carey—or another—in an age when we hated our enemies with a good full-blooded hatred; but I think

most men will be of Dean Ovenden's opinion that we are entitled to pray with all our hearts that Admiral Tirpitz's "knavish tricks" may be frustrated, and to add a hearty wish that the Kaiser's politics may be confounded. That Germany has the same air for her National Anthem is an exceedingly good reason for the words of our great hymn being just now unmistakably anti-German.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MAJOR CRESWELL (RAND RIFLES)—FOR BEING BOTH A LEADER OF MEN AND A LEADER OF LABOUR.



LIEUT. ARTHUR BROOKE WEBB—FOR SHARING THE "TRIUMPH" OVER "E 15" AND ASSISTING TO "PICKET" OFF.



COMMANDER ERIC ROBINSON—FOR "TRIUMPHANTLY" TORPEDOING A BRITISH SUBMARINE AND BEING PROMOTED "LITTLE BY LITTLE."



LIEUT. C. H. GODWIN—FOR BEING "CALMLY, MAJESTICALLY MONUMENTAL" UNDER HEAVY TURKISH FIRE.



MAJOR BAIRD, M.P., D.S.O.—FOR HIS STRAIGHT TALK ON THE WAR AND PROMISING THE GERMANS A RETROSPECTIVE "PICNIC."

Major Creswell, M.L.A., the well-known South African Labour leader, is second-in-command of the Rand Rifles. Many people regard him as a future Premier of South Africa.—Lieut.-Commander Eric Robinson was promoted to Commander for his brilliant handling of the two picket-boats (of the "Triumph" and "Majestic") which torpedoed the captured "E 15" in the Dardanelles, under very heavy fire, to prevent her being used by the Turks. He was assisted by Lieutenant Arthur Brooke Webb, R.N.R., and Midshipman

John Woolley. The "Majestic's" picket-boat was under Lieutenant C. H. Godwin.—Major J. L. Baird, M.P. for Rugby, recently home from the front, gave the House some straight talk about the war the other day. He said the Germans would find Neuve Chapelle "a perfect picnic" compared with what awaited them, but that England was not making war as Germany or France was. His strong words, he may be sure, will not be thrown away.—[Photographs by Topical, Russell, and Elliott and Fry.]



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. C. BULLER—FOR KNOWING HIS WORK SO "PAT" AND BEING PROMOTED TWO STEPS AT A TIME.



PRIVATE H. MAY, V.C. CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES).



PRIVATE E. BARBER, V.C., (GRENADIER GUARDS).



LANCE-CORPORAL W. D. FULLER, V.C., (GRENADIER GUARDS).



PRIVATE ROSS TOLLERTON, V.C. QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.



LIEUT. C. G. MARTIN, V.C., 56TH FIELD COMPANY, ROYAL ENGINEERS

FOR WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS BY "CONSPICUOUS ACTS OF BRAVERY AND DEVOTION TO DUTY."



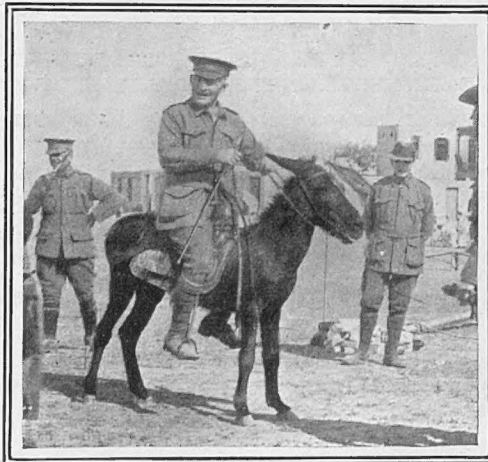
MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS—FOR HIS MAGNIFICENT WORK AS WAR-ARTIST FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Captain H. C. Buller, of the Rifle Brigade, has succeeded the late Colonel Farquhar (who was killed in action on March 20) as Lieutenant-Colonel in command of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.—We have not room, unfortunately, to detail here the gallant actions of the five new V.C.s whose portraits are given above. Their names and exploits

were officially announced in the Press on April 20.—Mr. Frederic Villiers, the most distinguished of living war-artists, is once again increasing his fame by his splendid work for the "Illustrated London News," including his recent drawings at Neuve Chapelle.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Farrington Photo. Co., Noble, and Howe.]



SIR IAN HAMILTON—FOR BEING CHEF TO A FAMOUS FRENCH GENERAL, AND PREPARING TO COOK TURKEY'S GOOSE.



SERGEANT E. LARKIN—FOR SITTING HIS FIERY ARAB STEED AS SAFELY AS HIS (LABOUR) SEAT IN THE AUSTRALIAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



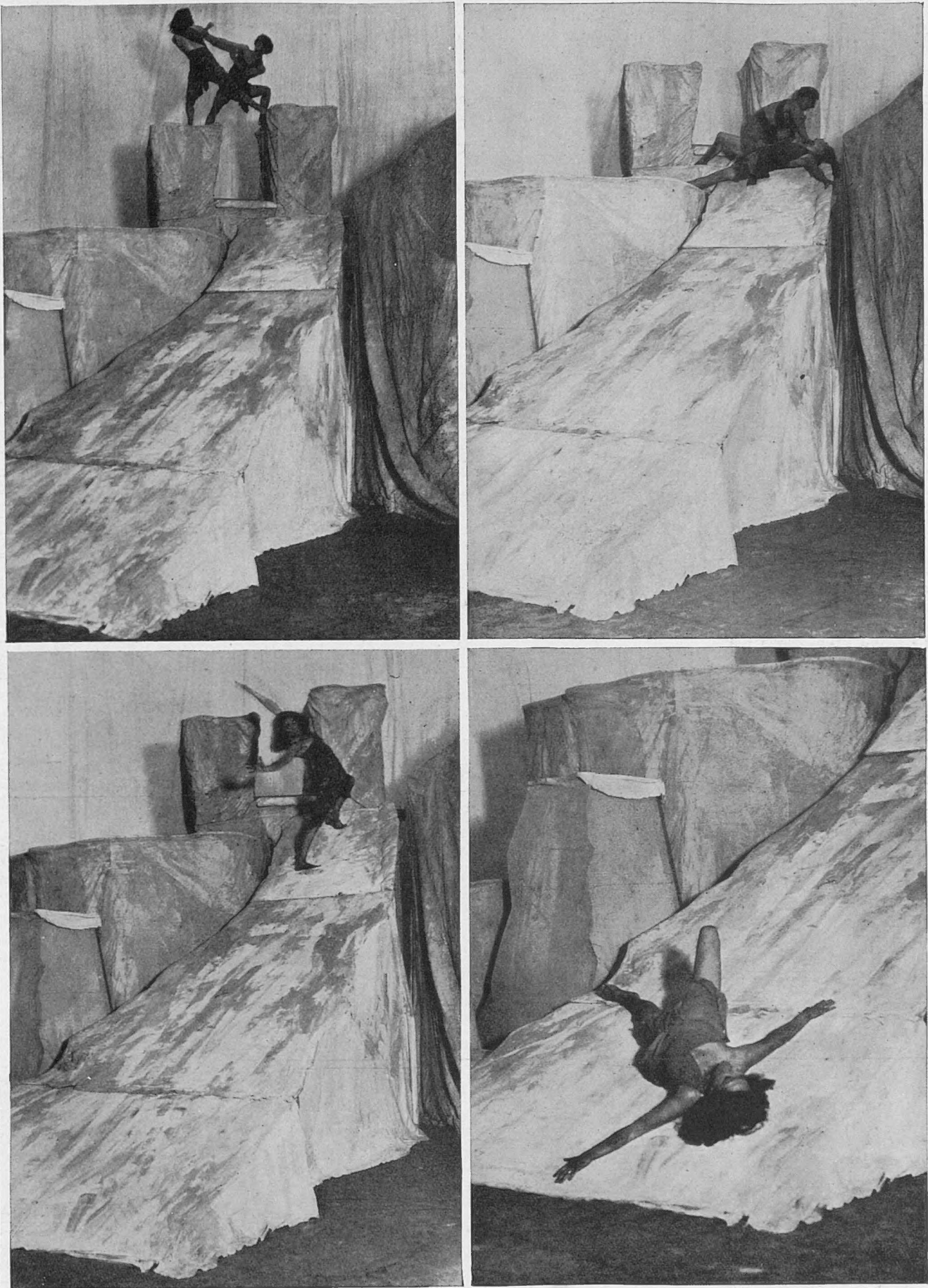
MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS—FOR SHOWING THAT WHAT "THE AMAZONS" WANT IS A "SECOND IN COMMAND."

It came out the other day that General Sir Ian Hamilton is Commander-in-Chief of the British and French land force for the Dardanelles. At the review of French troops at Alexandria, General d'Amade referred to Sir Ian as "mon chef."—Our photograph of Sergeant E. Larkin, the well-known Australian Labour Member now with the forces in

Egypt, was taken at the Mena Sports.—Miss Miriam Clements, the well-known actress, was married on Saturday to Major Walker-Leigh, second-in-command of the 17th Batt., Royal Fusiliers. One of her last recorded appearances on the stage was in a revival of "The Amazons" in New York.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Record Press, and Ellis and Walery.

LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON'S FALL.



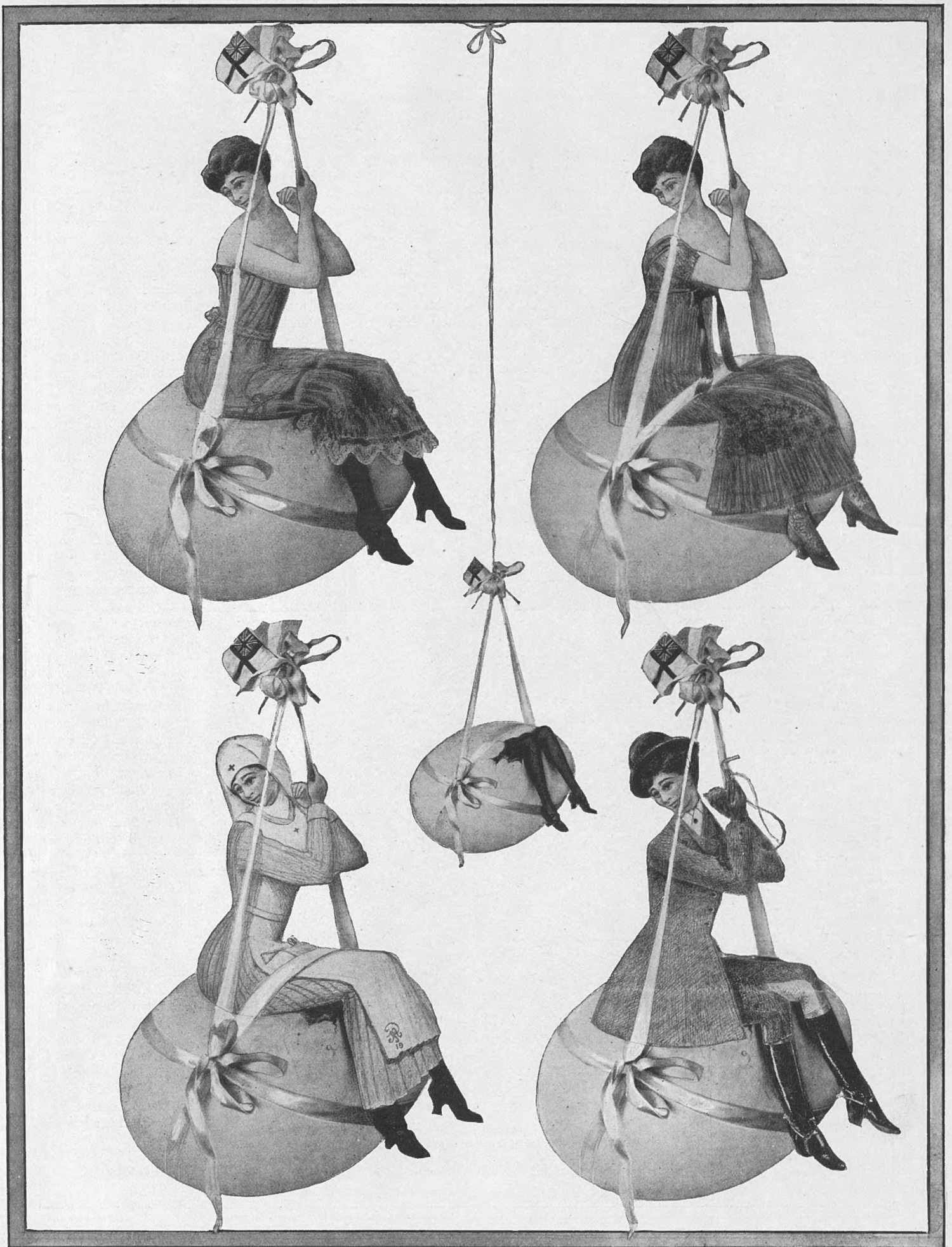
THE SECOND FAUN IS HURLED DOWN THE MOUNTAINOUS SIDE OF THE PEAK BY THE FIRST FAUN: LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON AND HER GREAT FALL IN "THE WILDERNESS," AT THE EMPIRE.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson has been appearing at the Empire in "The Wilderness," a Greek ballad-dance, with words by Sturge Moore, and music by G. Ferrari. She plays the Second Faun; the First Faun is M. Robert Roberty. The Second Faun enters the Arcadian retreat of the First Faun while he is asleep; then, to quote the programme: "Awakened by the gambols of the trespasser, the First Faun, with boundless fury, chases the law-breaker to the rocky heights. Ares, the

God of War, urges them to combat, while Pan, the God of Nature, endeavours to restrain them from conflict; but all in vain—a fierce fight ensues, the First Faun eventually hurling the intruder down the mountainous side of the peak." In the first photograph, Lady Constance is on the left, and M. Roberty on the right; in the second, Lady Constance is the prone figure; in the third and fourth, Lady Constance is seen alone, and the latter of the two shows her great stage-fall in the dance.

Photographs by Alfieri.

HATCHED OUT BY A FRENCH OFFICER: "A DUCK'S EGG!"



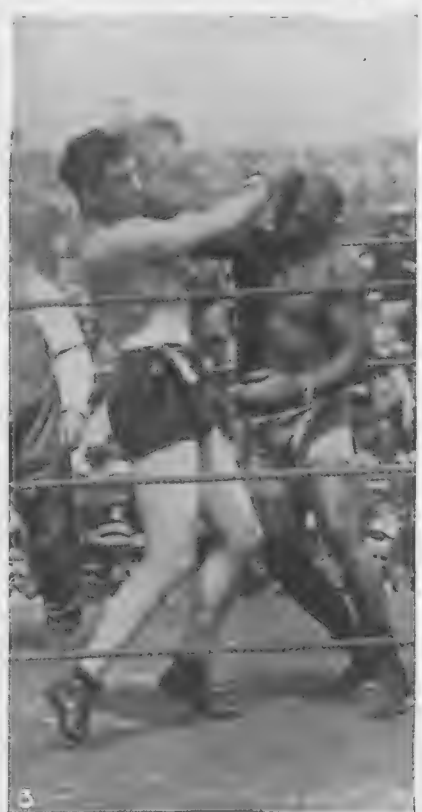
THE LADY OF THE LEGS BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD AND DRESSED BY ONE OF OUR ALLIES:

A "SKETCH" SUPPLEMENT MASKED — FIRST STAGE CENSORED.

In another part of the paper, we tell how our Coloured Supplement, "A Duck's Egg!" reproduced in miniature in the centre of this page, has caused an exceptional amount of interest amongst the British Expeditionary Force. Obviously, it has fascinated our Allies also. One of them, a French officer, has hatched out the lady here represented

in four poses, making a life-study of a figure, sitting it on the egg, and then making masks of dresses to fit over the figure. We do not give the "life-study," because in that case the lady's clothing could not, to say the least of it, be called conspicuous, save by its absence.

A WHITE MAN WINS: THE WILLARD-JOHNSON FIGHT.



1. BEFORE THE BLACK MAN LOST THE OFFENSIVE: JOHNSON BLOCKING ONE OF WILLARD'S BLOWS.

2. AFTER THE WHITE MAN HAD TAKEN THE OFFENSIVE: WILLARD PRESSING JOHNSON IN THE 25TH ROUND.

3. THE WHITE MAN ON THE DEFENSIVE: WILLARD RECEIVES JOHNSON'S RIGHT ON THE JAW.

4. "A BETTER AND A YOUNGER MAN HAS TAKEN THE CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE": JOHNSON KNOCKED OUT IN THE 26TH ROUND, AND WILLARD RECEIVING THE ACCLAMATIONS OF THE CROWD.

Jack Johnson, the coloured Heavy-Weight Champion of the World, met his match and was beaten at Havana in Cuba on April 5 by Jesse Willard, hitherto known as the Cowboy Boxer. Some 15,000 people witnessed the contest, which ended in the 26th round by Johnson being knocked out. Up to the 22nd round the negro quite held his own, and seemed to be getting by far the best of it. Then, however, fortune suddenly swung round. Willard, the big Texas cowboy, ten years younger than

Johnson, and a veritable giant—6 ft. 6 in. in height and scaling 15 st. 10 lb.—after that forced the fighting with redoubled vigour. In the next four rounds he fairly took all the fight out of his antagonist. The finale came dramatically: a terrific right-swing to the jaw prostrated Johnson, half-stunned and dazed. "I have no excuse to offer," were his words when he came to and left the ring. "A better and younger man has taken the championship title."—[Photos. by Topical and C.N.]



MAJOR L. GARRETT ANDERSON.

SINCE September Miss Louisa Garrett Anderson has been doing great things for the wounded. In those early months she and the British Government felt mutually shy of one another, and her first hospital was opened under French authority. Paris, watching her methods in the impromptu wards of the Claridge's of the French capital, was quick to recognise her ability. Scratch the make-believe surfaces of Parisian life, and you find a very shrewd understanding of the manifold ways in which the fair sex can be utilised. There is no squandering of forces among that shrewd population, and the young Englishwoman was supplied with abundance of serious cases, and abundance of responsibility. Her next hospital was at Wimereux, where she was among her own people, and where the rations (most incontestable of all evidence of recognition) supplied to her patients were the official rations of the British soldier.

The mutual shyness having been dispelled, the War Office asked Miss Garrett Anderson to come home and make a hospital in London. Out of her own resourcefulness, experience, and initiative she makes her hospital. It has five hundred beds; it is to be in working order in record time; it is to be wholly self-sufficient—that is, to say, Miss Garrett Anderson herself is wholly self-sufficient. How has she come by the necessary ability? Not, certainly, by the fostering foresight of a paternal Government. No count was taken before the war of the possibility of a woman doing the things she is doing, and even after the war was well in hand there was still no effort made to secure the services of the whole group of extraordinary young Englishwomen to which she belongs. She now holds authority equal to that of a Major in the R.A.M.C., and the Press is eager to give her the salute. She rather relishes the humour of the situation when she tries to persuade the public, against its will, that she is not a Major—that no woman can hold a commission in his Majesty's Army.

"Six Weeks." She recalls, vividly, the mutual shyness and distrust. She remembers that the only time before the war when the authorities showed any special interest in getting and keeping hold of her was when a magistrate, not without comments, sentenced her to six weeks' imprisonment. For forty years her mother and her aunt had worked, with all propriety, for the cause of Women's Rights. After that space of time, the ridicule of Parliament and the booings of medical students—of students beaten on their own ground—palled on the younger generation, and a window was broken. Some good, as it happened, came of the incident—and the sentence. Miss

Garrett Anderson's articles on the conditions and management of women in prison make, with Lady Constance Lytton's papers on the same subject, an invaluable basis for reform.

The One Blind Spot?

Letting alone the "Major" business, the leap from a third-class cell to the new position of responsibility is amusing enough. Miss Garrett Anderson does not take herself so seriously that she cannot smile at those ancient conflicts for the cause. She has a smile worth smiling. Though her normal expression, like her hair, is extremely businesslike, her difficult and anxious career

has not obscured the charming sensitiveness of her face. She has the same knowledge and experience as the somewhat careworn magnates of Harley Street, and is, withal, a girl. None of the responsibilities are denied her—except a vote!

Her Mother. The family record, needless to say, is an extraordinary one. Her mother, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, was one of the first of women doctors. She began her medical studies in 1860; and though the College of Surgeons and the College of Physicians refused to admit her to their examinations, she obtained a license to practise from the Society of Apothecaries in 1865. Paris had fewer prejudices than London, and, passing the medical examinations of its University, she received her M.D. degree. Later on, when England realised that she was not to be denied, honours were not lacking, and her daughter's degree is a London one. After a long career in London, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson retired to her native town of Aldeburgh, and was elected Mayor.

Aunt Milly and the Cousin. To Mrs. Fawcett, another

of the remarkable Garrett sisters, belongs the enterprise of having married a man who had never seen her and never could see her. Mr. Fawcett had been blinded by a gun accident. During his political career his wife played a prominent part. Few women, indeed, have been more closely associated with practical politics, for hers were, in a sense,

the eyes of the blind Postmaster-General; and, as a fellow-seer in the larger sense, she wrote, in conjunction with him, various essays and lectures on political economy. Her daughter Philippa was Senior Wrangler of her year—or, better still, beat the man who, apart from feminine competition, was the winner of that high distinction. All these ladies, including the young mathematician who astonished Cambridge and the young doctor with the hospital in Endell Street, retain the name of Garrett. It is part of feminine history.



A MAJOR IN THE BRITISH ARMY: DR. LOUIE GARRETT ANDERSON.

Daughter of the gifted woman, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, who studied medicine as long ago as 1860, was Senior Physician to the New Hospital for Women from 1866 to 1900, and was the first woman to be elected a Mayor in England, Dr. Louie Garrett Anderson organised, with Dr. Flora Murray, the first women's hospital to start for the front. So successful was its work that it was the first women's hospital to be recognised officially by the War Office. Major Louie Garrett Anderson was a militant Suffragist, but her political zeal has not hampered her professional skill or dulled her womanly sympathy as a doctor, and she has now been asked by Sir Alfred Keogh to organise and take charge of a military hospital of 500 beds in or near London, and is returning to England, with the rank of Major, to take up the work.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

ENGAGED: THE DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS FIELD-MARSHAL.



TO MARRY THE HON. GEOFFREY HOWARD, M.P.: THE HON. ETHEL CHRISTIAN METHUEN

The Hon. Ethel Christian Methuen is the elder daughter of that fine soldier, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen. Miss Methuen, whose engagement to the Hon. Geoffrey Howard has just been announced, is now a probationer in King's College Hospital, training to nurse wounded soldiers. Lord Methuen has already lent his Wiltshire

seat, Corsham Court, as a hospital for the wounded. Mr. Geoffrey Howard, M.P. for the Westbury Division of Wilts, is an uncle of the Earl of Carlisle, and has been a Liberal Whip in the House of Commons since 1911. He is also Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household.—[*Photograph by Yivonde.*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IN the matter of looks, as in most other things, the change in Dublin's *personnel* could hardly be more radical. Instead of the bearded Aberdeen, there is clean-shaven Wimborne; instead of the bonnet and capacious mantle of the late Vicereine, there are a young lady's adventures in the newest of new things. The Aberdeens were well matched; and so, too, are the newcomers. It is sometimes said that for a husband and wife to grow more and more like each other is a sign of dowdiness, as if the domesticities were proving too much for that most personal of all things—good looks. With the Wimbornes, the process goes quite nicely with the unimpeachable smartness.

Supported by a fat salary and a nice villa, Lord Basil Blackwood's humour should flourish in Dublin. A contemporary of Belloc's at Balliol, he was the "B. T. B." who made the drawings for Hilaire's "Bad Child's Book of Beasts" and "More Beasts for a Bad Child," and made them so well that for once the most brilliant man of his year at Balliol had to be content with half the honours. Punchestown should give Lord Basil subjects for another volume: the "bad child" feeling will be quite common during that orgy of racing, and the beasts are handy.

Strangely enough, not even the allied forces of the Mannes and the Asquiths lifted the price of the Duchess of Rutland's Red Cross drawing of the P.M. Their friends were there—mutual friends with a double interest in the drawing. Yet it stuck finally at four guineas and a half; while a scrawl by John, of a nobody, ran up to twenty.

The Duchess and her daughters were the last people to be surprised by the result of the bidding. Business prevails even at a Red Cross Sale, and these ladies are aware of the relative values of drawings. Lady Diana and her sisters are themselves the people who put down

their twenties for the genius of the moment—whether in hats or scrawls. And though last season's hat, worn but thrice,



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT C. B. EVANS, R.N.: MISS MABEL KELLY.

Miss Mabel Kelly, whose engagement to Lieutenant C. B. Evans, youngest son of the late Sir David Evans, of Ewell Grove, Surrey, is announced, is a sister of Mrs. Frank Jay Gould. — Miss Baker is the daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Casper Baker, of Oaklands, South Petherton, Somerset, and grand-daughter of the late Professor J. Hutton Balfour, of Edinburgh. Captain Graham is in the Royal Irish Rifles. — Miss Shore is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Shore, of



TO MARRY CAPTAIN FERGUS R. W. GRAHAM: MISS EGERIA M. S. BAKER.



AN INTERESTING MILITARY MARRIAGE: LIEUTENANT BASSETT F. WILSON AND MISS M. SAMUELSON.

Lieutenant Bassett Fitzgerald Wilson, whose marriage to Miss M. Samuelson was arranged for April 24, is the youngest son of Mr. Maurice F. Wilson, of 11, Ashburn Gardens, S.W., and is in the King's Royal Rifles. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. Francis Samuelson, of Breckenburgh Hall, Thirsk, Yorks.

Photographs by Canadian Studio.

The Duke of Portland's interest in horses has not ceased. He is doing admirable work connected with the care of mounts at the front, and



ENGAGED TO SECOND-LIEUTENANT K. MCC. CAVE: MISS JOYCE SHORE.

Barngates, Binfield, Berks. Second-Lieutenant Kenneth McClellan Cave, Royal Engineers, is the son of Mr. Basil S. Cave, C.B., H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Algiers, and Mrs. Cave. — Miss Grantham is the daughter of the late Rev. Herbert Grantham, of Halton Rectory, Bucks. and of Mrs. Grantham, of Ellesboro, Dorset Road, Bexhill. Captain Dick is in the I.M.S., 10th Gurkhas, and the marriage is arranged to take place quietly in Burmah, about April 29.

Photographs by Rita Martin, Lafayette, and Swaine.

goes out with a rapidity all its own, the younger portion of the Mannes household passes summary judgment on the artistic products of yester-year. The Duchess of Rutland's portrait-sketches are pallid and picturesque, and in the manner of Burne-Jones. In other words, they are the last things likely to impress—a Mannes girl!

The Duchess of Devonshire has consistently allowed the routine of her year to be upset. Instead of protecting herself against disturbance as far as possible, she seeks out the chances of showing that she has no sacrosanct programme, no impenetrable preserves. The cut-up gravel of the courtyard at Devonshire House is typical. Men form fours, wheel, march, and halt in front of her pantry windows as if the place belonged to the War Office—or the Second Lieutenant. It really looks as if her Grace took no thought for the feelings of the butler, or the susceptibilities of the under-housemaids. — The Duchess took her line right at the beginning of the war, and has stuck to it with grim humour ever since. Many of her friends, let it be said, have stuck to the other line with almost equal determination. Her Grace's example leaves no room for Monte Carlo, nor for any other frivolity. A younger Duchess, who said not long ago that she dared hardly use the front entrance of the Ritz lest somebody should be watching from the windows across the way, voices a feeling that Devonshire House is setting impossible standards of perfection. But that is a flippant exaggeration.

What the Duchess of Devonshire has done is to show a willingness to alter and arrange everything according to present needs. She holds by absolutely nothing that is merely a matter of personal convenience.

Thus, instead of spending a spring month at Lismore Castle according to their custom, she and her family went to Compton Place, in Sussex. And there, of course, she was caught up into recruiting meetings and the like. Her fellow-worker there was the Duchess of Norfolk, staidest of her kind, and the Duke of Norfolk himself. Thus do serious people come together. The Duke of Norfolk's only real outburst of gaiety since the beginning of the war was a visit to Madame Tussaud's with the Duchess and the children.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN ALAN DICK: MISS MURIEL ANGELA GRANTHAM.

by the society to which he lends his name is performed that greatest possible act of mercy—the final despatch of badly wounded animals. His Grace did not, by the way, resume his usual tenancy of the famous Garry and Loch Oich fishings, a stretch of water inhabited by the most sporting of salmon. He let Mr. Leopold Hirsch step in instead.

IN PEACE — FISHERMEN BEING ON DUTY! A SALMON LEAP.



A FISH STORY THAT IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SALMON LEAPING
ON THE RIVER TUMMEL, IN PERTHSHIRE.

This remarkable and very picturesque photograph of a salmon leaping in its journey up a Scottish stream was taken by a lady on the River Tummel, near Pitlochry. We may add that it is, of course, absolutely genuine, and not in any way "faked." As regards the salmon's habit of ascending rivers during the spawning season, the late Mr. Richard Lydekker, the famous naturalist, who died a few days ago, wrote: "With reference to the statement that salmon always return to the river of their

birth, it may be observed that, although this is generally the case, the circumstance that salmon occasionally make their appearance at the mouth of the Thames, and other rivers which they have ceased to inhabit, shows that there are exceptions to the rule. The obstacles that salmon will surmount in their ascent of rivers during the return from the sea are too well known to require notice; but it is probable that the height to which they can leap has been exaggerated."

Photograph by M. Leventon.



EVE LABORIOUS—THE UNIFORM OF USEFULNESS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

DARK-GREEN, I think, with leather buttons, high boots of brown kid, and a little leather cap to match, with a chin-strap and a visor well over the right eye. How do you find this as a uniform for the elevator-lady, the lady-chauffeur, and delivery-van girl? Or it might be navy, or khaki, or mole-grey (but this thickens the silhouette); or, if she be dark, claret colour, with black leather strappings. And the cut? A tight-fitting bodice somewhat like that worn by Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon," and the short circular skirt of the moment—the whole in one and buttoned from throat to hem. I feel rather pleased with my conception of Eve's uniform—would it please Eve too, I wonder? You see, I have been reading, with a lift of the eyebrow, the articles in the *Daily Telegraph* and other papers dealing with women's work in war-time. Isn't it rather surprising that it should have taken eight long months and the lead and help of the Government to effect the shifting and readjusting of men's work on to women's shoulders? Yet—thanks to hockey, and golf, and tennis, and natation—no bottle-necked, sloping-shouldered women are we; and we can back up our men like true women—whenever we are wanted. One would have thought that the change was so imperative, so easy, and the need for it so obvious that it should, *presto subito*, have been accomplished of itself. It is astonishing to me, as a Frenchwoman, that the women of this country, who are so capable, methodical, energetic, and such splendid organisers in their own sphere of home work and other special work, have not in greater number stepped of their own initiative into the places left empty by the men's enlistment, or proffered their services spontaneously to release men from their civic duties.

Why, the step that is here and now rendered necessary by the pressure of the war is, in France, in time of peace, the normal, unexciting routine of every woman who has to earn her bite of *brioche*. The delivery of bread, milk, laundry, newspapers, is regarded in my country as a woman's job as well as that of man. You must have seen often, amiable readers, in the streets of France, women driving huge market-cars, women sticking bills on the walls of Paris, or, perched insecurely on big sacks piled high, bringing the washing from the surrounding villages into the towns. There always were, coster-women selling fruits, fish, vegetables, and firewood; women cab-drivers (minus a *cocher's* vocabulary), women advocates (plus an infallible facility for the last word!), doctors, scientists, etc. In farms and fields women have always done as much work as men do, and practically the same sort of work. In fact, in France before the war, already women not only did the same work as men, but more of it, and often did it better, not being tempted by the *cabaret* or

stopped by strikes. Now that war has shaken all conventions, all traditions, and all the sediment of civilisation, there is hardly any post, place, or part that women with a patriotic purpose, the help of machinery, and the incentive of need will not be able to fill. This is not the reign of muscles, but of machinery, and women's adaptability and quickness will enable her to master the technical intricacies of, say, a railway-engine as she has already done those of a sewing-machine or of a motor-car or of a hooked dress. Tram-cars are but toys to her!

It was a disappointment to me, as a Frenchwoman, to read that only a meagre response had been made here to the offer of the Government to provide work for women. There may be good reasons

for the response being belated. Many well-trained, strong, energetic women who could do most useful work are tied to their home by the care of children. The French system of family life and the cohabitation of parents and married sons or daughters is just now proving a great help to the mother who works outside, for she feels her children secure under the care of the grandmother or of the aunts. If work in offices, factories, fields, or farms is to become general among women, a proper system of public nurseries or *crèches*, both paying and gratuitous, will have to be provided for the children whose mothers are at work and who have no female relatives to whom to be entrusted. This is one of the good reasons; but two bad ones are, I think, lack of precedent and pride. Some women deem it derogatory to enter a Labour Exchange together with factory girls and general servants. They do not consider how many men of education and refinement enlisted as privates at the beginning of the war, and went to the front proudly with all sorts and conditions of men. They do not consider that at the present moment to be a woman of leisure is to be a lazy woman. To knit socks and prepare bandages is excellent work; but it can be done at home by old people, while energetic young women devote their brisk strength to outside and more arduous tasks. Another bad reason is specialising. Specialising, a good thing in itself, stands very much in the way of progress when made a fetish of.

Alphonse Karr used to say, "Give me a shepherdess, and in six months I'll make a Duchess of her!" Surely to transform an untrained but willing woman into a worker ought to be a still easier metamorphosis. In fact, 'tis the Duchess to-day is showing the shepherdess the way to usefulness.

The women of England, above all women, are both physically and mentally splendidly equipped to enter the lists of Work and Progress once they have rid themselves of the middle-class mincing about manual labour. A fig for fine-ladylikeness! Eve, wake up!



A PROGRAMME-SELLER AT DRURY LANE FOR THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WAR HOSPITAL, AT PAIGNTON: THE VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE; WITH HER CHILDREN.

Lady Maidstone (of whom, with her two children, the Hons. Christopher and Daphne Finch-Hatton, we give a portrait) is one of a number of Society ladies who undertook to sell programmes at the *matinée* at Drury Lane, on April 27, in aid of the American Women's War Hospital, at Paignton. The Queen, with Princess Mary, and Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria, promised to be present, and a fine programme was arranged. Lady Maidstone is a daughter of Mr. Anthony Joseph Drexel, of 22, Grosvenor Square, W.

Photograph by Speaight.

SELF-DENIAL WEAK !



THE BUTLER (*receiving instructions for a barley-water nightcap*): In a tumbler, as usual, your Grace?
 HIS GRACE (*bent on setting a good example; but not caring about it*): No, Barker, no! Moderation
 is the order of the day—a liqueur-glass!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



25.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Captain of the Staff who was also a secretary noticed in a vague way that the General Commanding the Division had a tendency to get excited like an old hen whenever news or orders of importance came through. He was a good, keen, efficient soldier, the General, but he grew redder than nature had made him at the gills, a little erratic in gesture, and slightly diffuse in thought and speech when the Corps Commander's orders were in his hands.

The Captain did not apply himself to the analysis of this psychological fact very earnestly. He was not a very animated sort of soldier himself. He had obtained his job at the opening of the war mainly because his shorthand and his sense of detail had equalled the brilliant result of his passing-out exam.; he was, so to speak, a soldier by practice and not by instinct. Moreover, he had to-day a preoccupation that over-rode all other emotions of his unenthusiastic type of mind. This preoccupation centred itself mainly on a date of the month. His mind was reflecting eternally—

"On the 25th. On the 25th. On the 25th I go down on leave. My leave starts on the 25th."

That morning he had spoken to the Chief of the Staff about this, and the Chief of the Staff had given him permission. He was going back to the base on the 25th, then, and would have for a spell a bright and jolly time. It might be said that there was a woman at the base. She was a daughter of the charming old aristocrat who had put his house at the disposal of the Divisional General and his Staff on their way up to the front. The Captain thought that this woman would be glad to see him also.

Still, though the 25th loomed so enormously in his flattish mind, his well-trained instincts did their work smoothly enough, and the surface of the brain was able to attend to the facts going on about him. The General Commanding their Corps had just sent in his secret Orders for an assault to be carried out by the Division. It was mildly amusing to watch the Staff at work hammering out the minutiae of what would be an historic event.

It was amusing to see how the natures composing the Staff reacted to a really admirable purpose. If the General was damply excited, the attitude of the Chief of Staff was as rigid and chilly as a macadamised Antarctic continent. . . . The Captain admitted how excellently the men were contrasted. The General was all excitement, but he was all imagination also. The Chief was as cold, as deliberate, and as sure as a glacier; but he had just as much imagination as could be put flat on the edge of a threepenny-bit. The General had the wild and splendid touch of genius. The Chief filed the wild edges off that touch, sand-papered it with detail, and made it a perfect and calculated instrument of success in war. Each was an admirable foil to each.

As the Captain was thinking this he was also thinking about the 25th and taking down the carefully schemed orders of the Staff in his excellent shorthand. The Staff was working without the aid of the Brigade Commanders to-day, mainly because the orders were definite enough, partly because the commands were scattered, but mostly because the Brigades were even then actively engaged with the enemy. The stroke which the Corps Commander had ordered, and which they were now preparing, was to bring the culmination of victory to a continuous effort of attack. It was an assault which the Division would deliver with an overwhelming punch from out of a series of attacks maintained along the entire front.

It was, of course, an affair of delicacy—and, perhaps, danger. While it should break the enemy finally and so decide the immense battle with an almost electric effect of victory, there was the one-in-fifty chance that it might fail. If it failed, the enemy—no fools, the enemy—might place themselves in a strong position here against the Division, and the work of many months would have to be recapitulated in order to bring them to the point of definite battle again. It was an affair of great moment, then, and the details had to be considered with much nicety and care.

The Staff were quite capable of doing this. They worked out the scheme of battle with the sure and scientific elaboration of

architects planning out the dry and exact details of a great house. They prepared for every inch of assault. They worked out to a fraction the time to which the cavalry would advance in a feint attack. They worked out to a few minutes the hour or so of each infantry regiment's march to the "jumping-off" points of attack. They analysed all the times when the battalions and squadrons arrived in their positions, then they decided the precise moment of assault. All the regiments should be in place by 7.30 of the morning of assault. The artillery attack would begin then. By eight the infantry would move out. By 8.15 they would have crossed the major portion of the ground between their first positions and those of the enemy—that is, they would be within distance to strike without fear of being pulled up. At 8.15 the artillery would stop firing at the enemy's trenches, and all the guns would concentrate on the roads behind the enemy along which reinforcements must come. The infantry would then continue their rush, break over the trenches, and win the battle.

The whole thing was decided with a rock-like sureness of detail. When it had been so decided, the Captain had to tear his mind from the day of his leave, and to take down the series of Orders for Attack the General recited to his shorthand ear. The Orders were the final instructions for the assault to the commanders of the details. They embraced cavalry and artillery and infantry. They were so precise that they left nothing to individual discretion or chance. The Captain took them down in his cool way, and the Chief of Staff stood over the General ready to correct any slip his excited mind might make. The General, with his wider vision, sometimes slurred a detail; and the Chief of the Staff, with his clock-like mind, was there to rectify that. The Chief never made mistakes in details: that was why he stood there checking the General. It was not until the last order had been dictated that he showed signs of human relief. He nodded to the Captain, whose mechanical perfection in small things he thought admirable, and left the big room. The General remained with several members of the Staff, and the General was fussy and more than ever excited. He had to stay and sign the Orders that the Captain was even now typing, and his real desire was to run away to some lonely spot and hide in trembling anxiety until he knew that the orders he had given had been sound and that victory had added a laurel to his name. So he stood, hardly able to suppress his impatience, while the Captain typed in another room.

The Captain felt not at all perturbed by the General's tremulous condition—merely a trifle superior because he could feel so detached and precise and unmoved. He hated typing, but he did it well, as he did all mechanical work, though to-day he did it with a little impatience.

"Damned mechanical grind," he growled as he sat down to the machine; and then a pleasanter thought glowed in his mind. "Anyhow, I'll have a rest from this on the 25th. Two weeks' solid rest from the 25th." He sat down and typed perfectly and stolidly. The holy numerals 25 supported and glowed within his spirit. They formed a panacea for all military afflictions.

The last battery leader halted, swung his arm high above his head and then dropped it so that his hand pointed to the ground. The battery behind him swung about in a long circle, shattered itself to six definite pieces; the pieces stopped, a body of nimble and frantic men hurled themselves from their seats and rushed at the gun-trails, swung drunkenly as they pushed the pieces forward a pace or so; then, at the touch of a magic wand, all was in order again. Six guns were pointing dumbly at a slow-mounting hill-side, with the evident intention of blowing it off the earth by shell-fire.

Whistles cut hard into the hot, misty air, and at once the gun-crews were jumping again, doing things that the crews of all the other guns massed there had already done. The hoods were stripped from the leering muzzles of the pieces, water was flung by the bucket on the hard, dry ground under the wheels so that the

[Continued overleaf.]

PATENT APPLIED FOR.



THE "KITCHENER" BOCHE-BAYONETER: AN AIRY INVENTION.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

tell-tale dust would not kick up, and branches with leaves on them and ferns were fixed to the guns, themselves painted in wildly futuristic colours, so that the prying aviator could not pick them out. The whole of the vast grass-plot behind the hill became a fantastic coppice growing the fruit of artillery. The whole of an artillery brigade was massed hereabouts. It was only the field-guns that were behind this range of slight hills; the 60-pounders of the Garrison gunners were further back, well hidden in the fringes of a wood; and the howitzers were to the south, hiding their identity behind a line of broken houses in a rill of rubble that had once been a village street. The whole of the guns waited eagerly to take the edge off their vast appetites, with their section commanders busy about them, looking to their parts, eternally examining their watches, wondering all the time why the minutes of the morning were such tedious and tortoise things.

The Engineers had spun a series of telephone lines from each battery commander to a spot on the hill where an observation officer, wishing he had not been chosen for so important a job, lurked on a house-top, in a tree, or on the crest of a stack. The observation officers were examining the hostile lines with glasses, picking out the details of the range given them by the mathematical geniuses presiding at the "finders." The Brigadier was up on the hill also, making sure and doubly sure that everything was all right, as anxious as a housewife that his guns will hit the enemy when they begin firing. The Brigadier had an intuitive suspicion that his guns would let him down the moment he showed the slightest inattention, and he therefore kept himself vehemently alert with a nerve-destroying energy.

Below him, on the other side of the hill, he could see the fat, squat masses of infantry—not moving now, as they had been during most of the night and all the morning, but still, concentrated, and ready to jump out in their attack. Away ahead, faintly marking the valley with their well-screened parapets, was the enemy. There was no great amount of firing immediately in front of him, but away to the left, where the cavalry were moving up to their feint attack, there was the heavy and nervous hammering of much rifle-firing, with the metronome beat of the horse guns giving the time and tune to the attack. The Brigadier, like all the officers of his command, had the watch-examining habit. But presently he took it out and found that the hands had begun to behave themselves to his satisfaction. He talked in a quiet and unexcited voice to an officer near him, and the officer ran to the nearest telephone like a bookie who was anxious to get a winner over the wire.

The men glued to the receivers at the battery ends began spitting facts and commands. The massive lines of guns quickened to life. The crews began to jump about in a *danse macabre* of their own, swinging the guns about to precise inches by the trail, lifting the slow nose up with the elevating screw. Bombardiers all down the line were snatching cartridges from the caissons on the right of the guns and slapping them viciously into the breech, as though they were heartily glad to get rid of them. The sergeant of each gun stepped back from his piece, snapped out a mechanical "Set," and henceforward took more interest in the landscape than in his gun. The section commanders examined their watches more eagerly, looked severely at the man at the telephone, as though they would stand no mistakes from him.

When the hands of all the watches touched 7.30, all the officers sighed, all the telephone men spat a single word—and the guns began to fire.

The guns fired a few rounds, with nervous and whip-like snappings; then they stopped and hung breathless, like creatures expecting a scolding. Everyone looked to the gods of the telephone again, and in a minute these entities began talking wisely to the battery commanders. The officers on the stack-tops and in the trees were telling them in precise and mathematical terms how far they had fired wrong. Again the guns fired, and again the wise men on the observation posts talked. This time they were kind.

"Let 'em go," said the cheerful battery commanders. "Independent firing, and the hotter the better."

The guns behind the hill began to jump with the tremendous energy of their attack. The gun-crews were whirling about their guns in the manner that cunning pieces of machinery, each doomed to do a certain thing for the rest of its existence, whirl amid the intricacies of a giant engine. Under all this well-planned movement the guns advanced their fire to an astonishing and breathless energy. The whole of the slope was alive with the sharp crashes, quick with the shuttling recoils of the many guns, filmed over with the almost imperceptible reek of cordite vapour. The field-guns were hammering away sixteen to the dozen with their terrier-like barkings, and behind them the heavy 60-pounders were baying and bumping solidly. The fringes of the wood were spitting great flames of light, and out of the heart of each flame a motor-bus seemed to rush snoring through the air. It soared over the Field Gunners and over the hill, and went out of hearing for ever beyond the crest. But no sooner had it passed the crest than others followed hot-foot on its heels. The Garrison guns may be slower than their brothers of the field, but they can get a pretty turn of speed when the need

demands. Away in their village street, the snub-nosed howitzers were bumping off in their happiest way. The howitzer makes more noise than its size suggests, but it spits a shell that deprives the carping Field Gunners of all excuses for criticism. The howitzer, when it hits, does damage that makes a horse-gun green with envy. It was hitting in its best manner now.

All the guns were hitting. The gunners did not know this—they could not see; but there was a wild, confused, frantic, and slightly insane earthquake kicking up its noise a mile or so to the front beyond the hill, and the gunners knew that this was their work. Also, the observation officers, with only a slight correction to offer now and then, were mainly dumb. When an observation officer is dumb the shooting is very fine. The gunners knew their shooting was very fine, and they were cheerful about it. None of the men could see what was going on a few miles ahead of them, but they knew exactly what was happening.

All the punching power of an entire brigade was striking down on the enemy's works. On every ten yards of those works a shell was exploding every twenty seconds. Sometimes it was shrapnel, with its three hundred thongs of slaughter slashing down on the cowering men beneath the parapets; sometimes it was the violently disintegrating and yellow-smoking lyddite, that blew half a trench to pieces and asphyxiated every man within its frightful radius; sometimes it was high-power shell blowing up like a volcano, hurling to heaven earth and machine-guns and fragments of men in the vortex of its thick and greasy black smoke—but always on those trenches were shells exploding. They were being bitten and scorched and curled up by the appalling assault of thousands of bursting infernos. Men were being mashed by the thick and thudding detonations of the explosions, their defences were collapsing in dust and ruin, they were being slashed and whipped with the deep rain of soft shrapnel pellets. Hell was in active existence over the enemy's line.

Nothing could even live under that plunging fire. The frightful impact of the incessant shells wiped everything that breathed out of existence in a few flashing moments. A regiment caught by the storm was massacred in the first blast of the shell-bursts. The entire atmosphere in the zone of explosion was lethal. A cyclone of fire was sweeping over the ground. Everything that that cyclone touched died. The end was inevitable and implacable. There was no escape.

The officers behind their guns coaxed their sweating crews to fury. The output of shells worked up and up through the quick minutes of firing. Quite soon the deadly output was at its topmost speed, and there it kept. Firing strenuously over the hill into the valley beyond—a blind, enormous force, dealing out destruction with scientific and terrible certainty. The observation officers had even ceased from talking. About and over the enemy's position were giant clouds of white, magenta, yellow, and thick green-black smoke. In this great womb of vapour the shells flamed and flashed like stars. The shell-flashes were all the observers could distinguish. The deep cloud of smoke hid aught else.

The battery commanders, with their watches in their hands, fired and fired their pieces. They were working to time, and they must not make mistakes. A mistake of a minute might prove fatal, might mean incredible losses to their own side. With their eyes on the hands, they prepared to check their fire the moment the time for the infantry advance came.

So the guns went on firing with their tremendous and concerted voices into the maelstrom of slaughter that must be the enemy's lines.

"Seven minutes more," said the senior Battery Major. "Seven minutes—six, even—then the infantry get in to finish what we have left of the poor beggars."

But they stopped two minutes later.

The crest of the hill burst abruptly into a cloud of men, who ran across it and down towards the guns waving their hands in a wild manner. They came down on the guns yelling, their voices thin and absurd in the deep uproar, and obviously they were calling to the guns to stop. Their desire to have the guns stop was insane.

The guns stopped. The Brigadier was the first of the frantic figures. His word was law, anyhow.

The guns stopped, and the officers of the guns crowded forward to meet the Brigadier.

"Have we won?" they yelled. "Have we won the fight?"

The Brigadier waved a shaking hand.

"Won!" he shrieked. "Won! We've lost! You've lost the fight for us. You've been firing into our infantry. They're broken to pieces, and the enemy are punching through. . . . Won? My Lord—we're lost!"

The infantry attack had started at 8.15 quite correctly—the fault was with the artillery. The artillery had not stopped firing at 8.15. The artillery order did not allow them to do so. Their order told them to stop firing at—8.25.

25 had been such glowing and holy numerals for the Captain of the Staff.

THE END.

DRILL - DODGING.



EVERYONE CAN TEST IT GRATIS: THE NEW EXERCISE FOR ONLOOKERS IN THE PARK.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Things New: At the Theatres.

AMONGST many undesirable consequences of the war is an epidemic of farces in the West-End theatres. It is only foolishly wise persons who sniff at a play merely because it is a farce, but second-rate farce is the most trying form of entertainment in the theatre. "The Joker," the latest of the farces, of course calls itself farcical comedy: gentility demands that sacrifice of truth. It is, however, one of the most extravagant and least plausible of the recent crop. With its central idea all are familiar. The middle-aged man with two establishments, each kept secret from the other, is an old figure of fun—and fact too, sometimes. The false pretence by which he explains in turn his enforced absences from each establishment varies. In the present instance he alleges that he has invented and is engaged upon the construction of a new kind of submarine—a more rotten pretence it is hardly possible to imagine. As a result, foreign governments send emissaries to buy the invention, the Germans employ five spies to steal the secret that does not exist, and Scotland Yard protects the inventor as well as it can. But what is the Joker? Merely one Smith, who, unfit for service but anxious to do his bit during the war, plots against the German spies and masquerades as a woman. Oh, for a law against masquerading of this kind by either sex in a play less than a hundred years old. Of course, you know the humours: how prudish spinsters offer to rub the back of the disguised men, and simple girls kiss them, and they don't know how to knit, and are bothered by their clothes, etc.

Our sentimentalists will have a feast in "Wild Thyme"; no doubt, most of the first act and of the third are farcical, but the rest is seriously, portentously sentimental—indeed, Tristan and Isolde did not take themselves more seriously than do Mr. Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss. "La Belle Aventure" is rather a saucy affair, but the sauce is eliminated from the version by George Egerton: indeed, one could hardly have guessed from the attitude of the protagonists that the lady and gentleman had passed the night together though not married. There is less blushing bashfulness about the lady than I should have expected in a duly certified bride; the story told somewhere by Montaigne of the Roman matron who, for motives of prudery, refused to appear in public after her wedding flashed through my mind. However, Mr. Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss are British institutions, and she is a fascinating person with the most engaging air of simplicity and sincerity; but what

a pity that she should have played bang at the audience. They nearly all did this, nearly all in turn seized the centre of the stage, and, coming close to the footlights, gazed straight at us and almost ignored the persons to whom they were supposed to be talking. Even Miss Mary Rorke was not an exception; but her performance otherwise, apart from a lack of humour, was very fine. Mr. Sam Sothern was an exception, and was amusing in his customary manner; and how sternly Britannic.

"Quinney's" promises to be a great success, and well deserved too, for, although some of the scenes smelt a little too much of the footlights, Mr. Vachell has created a real human character, full of humour, that dominates the play. Indeed, it is difficult to understand why the work, written some years ago, did not find the boards immediately. I can hardly understand why every actor-manager did not jump at it, unless it be that modesty suggested doubts of capacity to represent it. What luck for the author that as a result the part came into the hands of Mr. Henry Ainley, a great actor! There is plenty of fun in the play, even for those who care

nothing about Chippendale chairs, and Famille Noire jars, or Cipriani painted tables, or red lacquer cabinets, though there is an added interest for people who know the difference between K'ang He and Ming or between Heppelwhite and Sheraton. The tale does not matter very greatly: one finds the prosperous Yorkshire art-dealer fighting over the gem of his collection, his pretty daughter Posy, "a rogue in Dresden china." James, the foreman, wants to marry her, and she loves Jimmy; but Quinney thinks he is after his money and opposes the match, and Mrs. Quinney supports the daughter and denounces her husband, alleging that he has ceased to care for flesh and blood, and only loves bric-à-brac. Her attitude seems quite unjust, for apparently the father is merely trying to protect his daughter from marrying a mercenary fellow. There are all sorts of alarms and excursions, leading up to the scene where Quinney discovers that James has a disinterested love, and is a very clever fellow too—a bit of a knave, it may be added; so "bless you, my children," and a reconciliation of papa and mamma. Mr. Ainley's performance is quite masterly: in the slouching, shambling, elderly

man with Yorkshire accent, modified by years in London and clash with foreign customers, one could hardly have recognised the *jeune premier*—it was a complete realisation of character, and highly humorous. I can recollect nothing better in the way of character-acting, perhaps nothing so good. No wonder the audience was fascinated by the play. And, of course, such brilliance put the others into the shade, through no fault, however, of the actor. The evening began well, for the first play, written by Miss Jennings, called "Five Birds in a Cage," caused roars of laughter.

At His Majesty's a short revival of "Oliver Twist" prepares the way for "The Right to Kill," there being, perhaps, some connection between the two, as in "Oliver Twist" there is killing, and it is recognised that there is no such right. But then, Nancy and Bill Sikes and Fagin did not trouble about ethical questions: they just contented themselves with a straight, vigorous story recognisable even at a distance by those who know their Dickens.

"The Argyle Case" is a very tremendous affair with three authors and a long cast, and one of the authors is described as "Detective William J. Burns," a description which seems to promise new developments in American pieces. Presumably the reference to the detective is a kind of warranty that the details about forgery and the detectaphone and hand-prints are correct; but, of



TO APPEAR IN "WATCH YOUR STEP," THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE:
LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD (MISS MAY ETHERIDGE).

Lady Edward Fitzgerald, whose marriage to the younger of the Duke of Leinster's two brothers took place in 1913, is known on the stage as Miss May Etheridge, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Jesse Etheridge. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was born in 1892, is an old Etonian, and after leaving College, went into the Irish Guards.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

course, in this class of work thrills and laughs are more important than correct details, and on the first night there were not enough laughs and thrills for such a long play. The work, in reality, is the murder-detection drama of antiquity with modern machinery; and the old-fashioned writers of this kind of thing would have kept their dialogue short and crisp. But our American friends seem "out" for style and psychology, and the result was unfortunate. Probably by now the big blue pencil will have been busy, and the producer will make the company play far faster, and then "The Argyle Case" may prove attractive to the lovers of sensational drama, who will worry themselves as to the identity of the murderer of Mr. Argyle, and ask whether the detectaphone works as easily in real life as on the stage, and, perhaps, ask innocently how it is that the criminals do not take the quite obvious precautions against the very obvious devices of the detectives. Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are more at home in romantic drama, in which they are beloved by millions, than in this class of work; and they acted with a vigour of method which infected most of the company.

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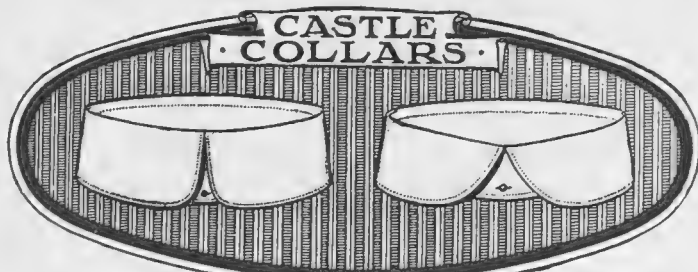
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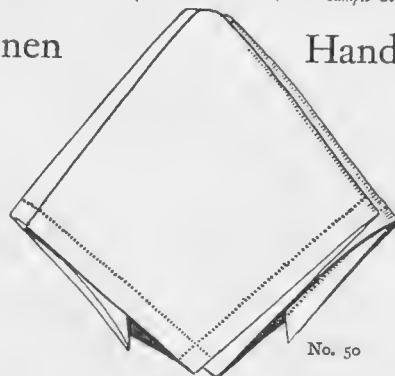
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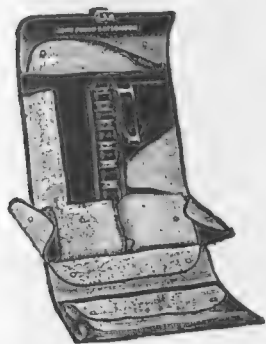
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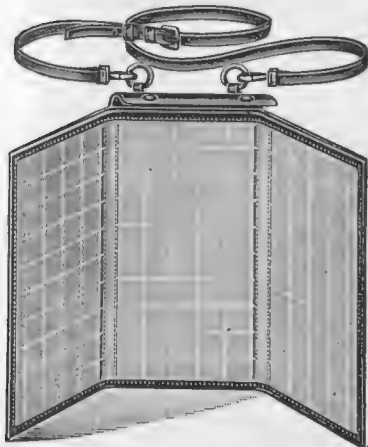
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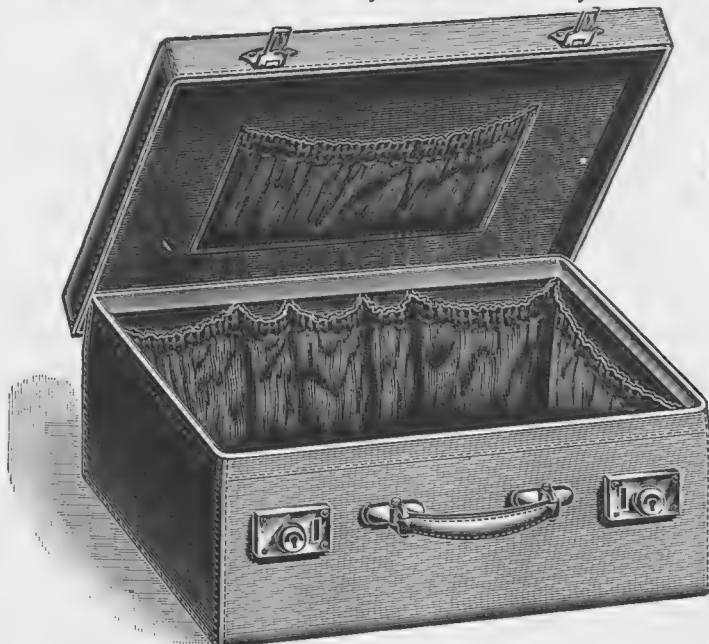
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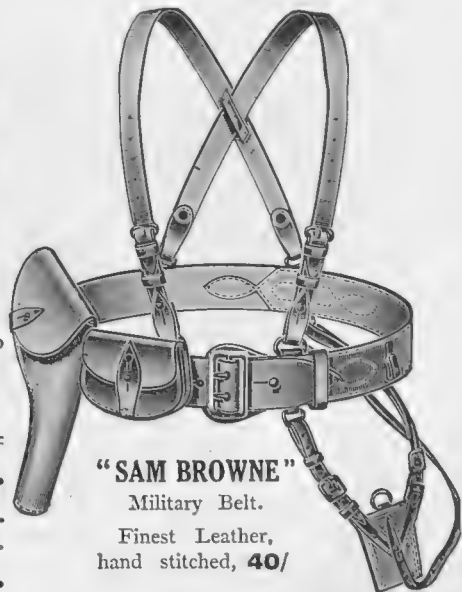
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HOW often might one open the guest-book at Windsor on the same names as those that were written in it during their Majesties' recent visit to the Castle! Those names have the Edwardian ring. The Marquis de Soveral—the beloved "Blue Monkey" of a hundred house-parties—was there for a week-end, and the Colin Keppels stayed for several days. Queen Alexandra herself lunched there. Time works its changes nowhere more slowly than at Windsor. If Whitsuntide means another reunion at the Castle, who will be the guests? One could make many wilder guesses than—M. de Soveral and the Colin Keppels.



THE NEW SERGEANT-AT-ARMS: SIR C. R. KEPPEL, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., ETC.

Vice-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, who succeeds Sir Henry David Erskine as Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, is a son of the late Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, who was one of the oldest friends of the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and a son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle. Sir Colin married, in 1889, Henrietta (sometime Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Edinburgh), daughter of Major-General Blundell-Hollinshead Blundell. Sir Colin served with distinction in the Egyptian War of 1882.

Photograph by Russell.

At Home, Outside. Miss Lena Ashwell is that rare creature, an actress almost too useful in the general capacity of woman-worker to be allowed to act. When, as happened the other day, she creates a part, she is asked by some of her non-theatrical friends if that is really the best thing she can find to do. Probably she regards the stage as an escape from the cares of Baker Street and Marylebone Road. To her work for the Three Arts Club she added not long ago the work of the Women's Emergency Corps. A week after it was started her offices were overflowing with papers and people to arrange them—so completely overflowing that it was impossible to have three minutes' sane talk with her in her own headquarters. She is a splendid worker, but without the method that enables other people to achieve good results. The results come any way. She is great at solutions. When, for instance, the Emergency Corps was one vast hubbub, she hit on the plan of receiving her important visitors at her door—in their motor-cars!

The Unexpected.

The fall takes your breath away—takes yours away more, probably, than it takes Lady Constance's own. She is used to hurling herself through space. It was on a Scottish loch that she once really frightened her audience. Arriving towards a landing-stage in a steamer with what struck her as tiresome deliberation and manoeuvring, she took her two children into her arms, threw herself overboard, and got to shore first. To dripping garments she is divinely indifferent (until such

time as she can change), and the infants in those days were accustomed to face the somewhat embarrassed eyes of Scotland without clothing.

Relic-Makers.

Mrs. Florence Barclay's beautiful Italian stick—found by her in a side-shop on the South Coast, by the way—was worth all the £60, given for it at Christie's. Moreover, it was characteristic of its donor—a lady who has a look of Portia, and whose cloak calls for an accompanying cane. About Lord Charles Beresford's contribution, also a stick, there was less excitement. Its chief interest seemed to be that it showed Lord Charles had pluck enough (if that is the word) to send in a relic of himself for public competition. Among the autographs, the same self-appreciatory principle had guided the donors, but only in obedience to Mr. Edmund Gosse's plan for roping in more "lots." His own contribution was an original autograph manuscript of a poem by—Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The Crying Need.

We hear a good deal of the Turkish bath as the first thought of the soldier from the front. Mr. "Freddie" Guest, on his first return, said "How do you do?" to his wife at Alford House, and was off; the Prince of Wales, before anybody had time to brush the French mud from his khaki, was off—likewise to the Bath Club. So much for the young men: what of the young women? What does Lady Dorothie Feilding, for instance, do when she comes back for a brief respite? "How do you do?" said a young lady from France the other day. "And now, if you don't mind, I'll run and have a Turkish bath!"

Pour le Mérite.

The Lucy dinners continue undisturbed. One can imagine their cessation only with the disappearance of the British Constitution and polite society. Most affable of hosts, Sir Henry is supported in Ashley Gardens by a lady who, from long association, has become almost as well versed as himself in the affairs of the great world. An invitation to Ashley Gardens is often granted *pour le mérite*; any titled persons who distinguish themselves need no other introduction, and even commoners are, at discretion, admitted.—The Ashley Gardens dinner last week was attended by the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Page, Viscountess Ridley, Lord and Lady Pirrie, Lady Wernher, Lord Reading, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Justice Darling. Lady Wernher had the same day distinguished herself at Christie's; and "Mr. Justice" Darling, who possesses a "Mister" only as a sort of courtesy title, had made fewer jokes than usual during the week.



SOCIETY IN THE PARK: SIR ARTHUR PINERO (WITH UNITED ARTS RIFLES BADGE) AND LADY PINERO.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, the famous dramatist, is the son of a solicitor, and married, in 1883, Myra Emily Wood, daughter of Mr. Beaufoy A. Moore, and widow of Captain John Angus Lushington Hamilton. Sir Arthur's best-known play, perhaps, is still "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but he has written many other notable dramas. He is keenly interested in the United Arts Rifles.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NURSE: THE HON. FRANCES FITZALAN-HOWARD.

The youngest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, of whom we give a portrait, was born in 1892, and is now working hard as a nurse at Charing Cross Hospital. Miss Fitzalan-Howard's half-brother, the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, heir to the Barony, is a Lieutenant in Lovat's Scouts.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SYMPATHY WITH THE BLIND: HER MAJESTY LEAVING ST. DUNSTAN'S, REGENT'S PARK. St. Dunstan's is now, with its beautiful grounds, lent as a home where soldiers and sailors blinded in the war are being taught useful trades. Queen Alexandra is shown leaving St. Dunstan's after attending a concert given there, on Primrose Day, by pupils of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, in aid of the Funds of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee, which carries on this benevolent work.

Photograph by C.N.

WHY SUFFER TORTURE BY THE CRUEL ELECTRIC NEEDLE?

ELECTRICITY ALWAYS STIMULATES HAIR GROWTH.

HOW TO KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

For the benefit of *Sketch* readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a New Absorption Process which Permanently Removed her Hairy Mask, after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and all other Depilatories and Advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair-growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained

and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp-wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve



After she had endured for ten years the humiliation of having a beard and moustache like a man, and after electrolysis, pastes, "lotions," and all other methods had failed absolutely, Miss Firmin killed all her superfluous hair in a single night by the harmless new absorption process fully explained in this article.

the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means for restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1271F), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.

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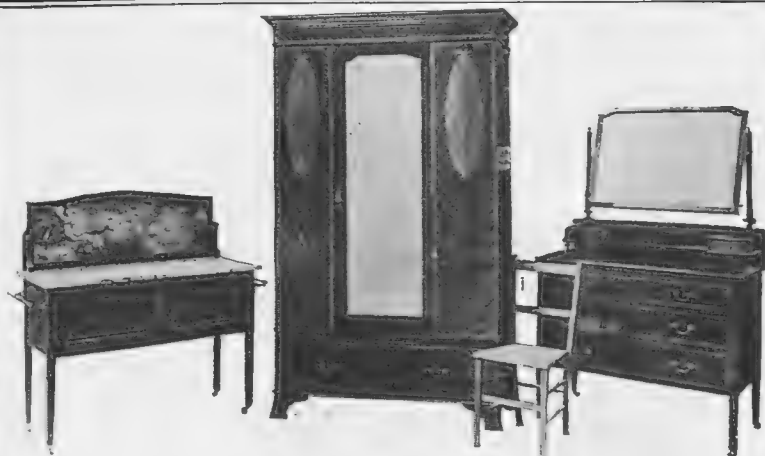
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Canadians at Stonehenge.

The remains of the great Temple of the Sun—surely the most impressive monument we have in this island—stood black against the sky on the radiant spring morning we motored up from Salisbury Plain on to the uplands. You need not go to Egypt or to Babylon to get a link with the almost unthinkable past when these monoliths are within a couple of hours of London. On a day of bright sunshine the shadows cast by these pillars are as blue-black, as intense, as sharply cut as any shadows on the shores of the Mediterranean; yet the wide, happy skies of southern England, the riotous gorse, the lark's song, the sense of ineffable peace, seem in strange contrast with these monstrous, sinister-looking stones. A policeman with the aspect of a Gainsborough cherub explains to you exactly where the human sacrifices took place—outside the inner court of the temple, just where the rising sun casts a sharp black patch on the grass. It sounds like a hideous fantasy, yet is not a Human Sacrifice always demanded of any high enterprise? Over yonder, on the distant hill, lies a city of huts—occupied, until they went to fight in Flanders, by the Canadians who hurried to the first war-trumpet. Two or three—left for some reason behind—are gazing over the enclosure at the dreadful majesty of Stonehenge. One wonders what they think, these loyal stalwarts from a great, new country whose oldest building is of yesterday compared with these immemorial stones?

Occupations of Our Army in Flanders.

I hear that "out there" they never talk about the war. At mess, and in times of recreation, it seems to be taboo as a topic. A young friend on the Staff writes me long letters about books; a humorous one—"Arcadian Adventures of the Idle Rich," which I recommended as an agreeable-antidote to war—seems to have had a *succès fou* in exalted circles. Generals competing for temporary possession of these engaging tales by a Canadian professor.

For my part, I rejoice to think they can disengage their thoughts enough to enjoy such exquisite trifling. Yet this is the spirit in which our wonderful men carry on. The Tommies, it would seem, are amateur gardeners, laying out their little beds of daffodils and primroses just behind the trenches. This, to be sure, is not surprising, for the British, unlike other European nations, have always shown an extraordinary love for flowers, for beasts, and for birds.

The Opportunity. The war is going to make an incalculable change in the status and pay of women-folk, and they are much too intelligent not to grasp the fact and to seize the grand opportunity fate has thrown in their way. No calling, except law

and religion, seems shut to them in these urgent and catastrophic times—indeed, we have almost reached the point once dreamed of by M. Anatole France in a fantasy of the twenty-first century, when a charming girl might also be an electrical engineer. The modern Young Person of the better classes is so devoted to machinery that van and car driving seem to be favourite occupations, and the chauffeuse has probably come to stay. If she is cheaper, steadier, and more sober than even the chauffeur of our dreams, she will soon replace the not-too-civil taxi-driver whom we have put up with for so long. At present, at the Labour Exchanges, they seem as busy as bees sorting out the women and their proposed trades. Our grandmothers' hair would have stood on end at the "unladylike" occupations sought after. We hear of a coachwoman wanted, to wear livery and drive a pair of horses; and why not, forsooth? Lift-girls and messenger-girls are already familiar to us, and very well and politely they do their work. In country places there are feminine postmen, lady gardeners will certainly become common, the policewoman is already active, and agriculture—that healthiest of all occupations—is opening up to slender hands. When the womenfolk have shown themselves as capable, and much steadier, than men, and are on equal terms of pay, they will not only receive a consideration they never enjoyed before, but we shall get rid of social sores which seemed incurable.

Imperial Ill-Manners.

In Miss Topham's reminiscences of the Prussian Court there is a trifling incident which throws a startling light on German "manners" even in the most exalted circles. The Imperial governess relates how she was skating one day with the Princess Alice of Albany on the lake at Sans Souci, when the two girls fell full-length on the ice. The Kaiser, who was looking on, could not contain himself for mirth, the episode stirring the Imperial War Lord to Homeric laughter. He does not seem to have lent either of the ladies a helping hand or proffered them a word of sympathy, his imperial guffaws being his only tribute to the catastrophe—which might have ended with broken limbs or ankles.

In this story the Kaiser appears as much of a boor as any hooligan at a street-corner. His attitude, to an Englishman or a Frenchman, would be unthinkable. Nor do the Crown Prince or his sister appear in a much more amiable light. The young heir's notion of humour was shown one day in seizing a Shetland pony out of its stable, forcing it into a motor-car, and then dragging the terrified animal up to the top of the palace and introducing it into his children's nursery. Miss Topham also tells us how the Princess Victoria Luise, after cherishing a baby pig, sold it to a butcher, pocketed the proceeds, and thoroughly enjoyed the sausages which were the result of this base act of commerce. None of these stories redounds, it must be admitted, to the credit of Hohenzollern manners.



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A simple dinner-dress with a draped bodice of shot-rose pink-and-silver taffeta, and the skirt and sleeves of mist-grey tulle. The roses are of pink-and-silver tissue, and narrow bands of silver ribbon encircle the sleeves.



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With its flounced skirt of white tulle outlined with blue cord, and its quaint little tight bodice of black glacé, this frock gives a pretty idea for a young girl.



A PRETTY FROCK IN GREY ROSE-PATTERNED CHINÉ SILK.

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Crochet Lace.
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Smart Net and Lace Guimpe in
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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A New Terror. Neither submarines nor Zeppelins, but a fearful possession of small boys and small girls which they call, I believe, by the elegant name of scooter. I was scooted into in Bond Street on Monday by a charming boy whose manners were as irreproachable as his scooter was hard! I am still going light on my left foot in consequence of collision with the scooter. Roller-skates on one foot were bad enough, but the small boys who skate prefer asphalt or wood to stone, and so risk their own lives in the roadway more than pedestrians' limbs on the kerb. Scooters are more formidable affairs—like hobby-horses without the horse, on two wheels, and they are not so particular as to their surface. When a youngster is in wild progress on one of these, there is a fearful joy in charging through the foot-passengers and seeing them scatter. Scooters, like motor-cars, have their points when in or on them, but are an unmitigated nuisance and danger-threat to those who are not.



A CHARMING BRIDE: MRS. JOSEPH WOOD.

The lady whose portrait we give was, before her marriage, Miss Marie Josephine Robinson, daughter of Mr. Archibald Robinson, J.P., St. Maur, Palmerston Road, Dublin, and was married, on April 17, to Mr. Joseph Wood, who is well known as Vice-President of the British American Tobacco Company, and also in connection with the Imperial Tobacco Company.

Photograph by Speaight.

A Hospital Harmonious. The Allies' hospital at Yvetot, near Rouen, which is doing splendid work in coping with wounds and disease among the soldiers of the Allied armies in France, was organised largely by the employees of the Orchestrelle Company, 135, New Bond Street. At present, two hundred wounded are being attended to at the hospital.



A BENEFACTOR OF THE BLIND: MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

The latest effort of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is on behalf of soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight in the War, and he has successfully organised St. Dunstan's Home, Regent's Park, a beautiful house and grounds, put at the disposal of a Committee, for teaching blind victims of the war such trades as they are able to follow, which may help to lighten their affliction and enable them to become at least partially self-supporting. H.M. Queen Alexandra visited St. Dunstan's on Primrose Day.

Photograph by Central Press.

There is urgent need, in furtherance of this fine work, for beds, bedding, and men's clothing. Part of the money required was raised by the employees of this large industrial concern by means of sixpenny contributions, and other industrial concerns are invited to join in separate units in the scheme. Any help in the way of gifts or contributions will be most gratefully received by the Hon. Secretary, The Allies' Hospital, 28, North Audley Street.

Rosily Rapturous Modes.

The costumes worn by Mlle. Gaby Deslys have, as may be supposed, been much discussed. They are *chic*, elegant, daring, and beautiful, and many women have speculated freely as to their origin. They came from Paris; our gallant Allies can make modes, and Gaby Deslys can exploit them. I can even tell who in Paris made them—to Callot Soeurs belongs the distinction; and they have shown an appreciation of colour, form, line, and dashingness that has secured universal admiration.

The Houses We Clean in the Spring.

War or no war, we must clean our houses when the rosy spring-time comes; because of war, it behoves women to keep homes bright and sweet. This year economy enters more than usually into plans of campaign, and Messrs. P. and P. Campbell's Perth Dye Works are more in demand than ever. New curtains are impossible; as good as new are not. If the smoke-begrimed, dust-laden window-hangings which

have kept away the winter draughts be sent to Campbell's, they will return rejuvenated and ready to face the sunlight unflinchingly. Covers, whether of chintz or cretonne, are similarly dealt with, the first finished with a high glaze, and the latter with a dull surface as when new. If material has been injured by exposure and the colour burnt out, then it can be dyed—the same or a darker colour. Our dresses and the suits of our menkind are equally successfully treated by Campbell's. Gowns, whether silk, woollen, or of mixed fabric, can be cleansed without being unpicked, or dyed the newest and most up-to-date shades. Suits have grease-stains and dust removed, and are made as new; winter overcoats are made ready for the next campaign. Bed-covers, all sorts of things in the house and for the householders, should be sent to Campbell's. I am sure that readers who take this advice will be glad and grateful. The Perth Dye Works' new hand-book gives many useful hints, and it will be supplied post free on application.

The Regiment.

Every soldier's wife knows how important the regiment in which her man (or men) is serving becomes to her. Even in peace-times it stands for much; in such a war as this we women watch with passionate interest the fortunes of a regiment in which our personal feelings are centred. *Esprit de corps* is just as inherent in us as in our men, and they are glad that it is so. No wonder, therefore, that there is a run on the beautiful regimental-badges brooches which Messrs. Wilson and Gill, the Goldsmiths, 139, Regent Street, are making a speciality of. In gold and enamel, they cost from £3 15s., and are charming gifts, being reminiscent, exclusive (for no woman would wear a regimental badge unless her connection with the regiment were close), and extremely up-to-date and pretty. In addition, they will have historical interest for the descendants of their owners. Cheaper badge brooches, with the ribbon only in enamel and in 9-carat gold, cost only 35s., so that, even in these hard times, officers' wives, sweethearts, and sisters can have them. They are also made with diamonds and other stones in place of or in the enamel; at any price, estimates and sketches are submitted. A jewel much in demand is the aquamarine, because of its connection with the blue-water school where our Navy sits supreme mistress. In many beautiful pendants, brooches, ear-rings, and other ornaments in which it is mounted in platinum, a few diamonds throw into greater relief the sea-blue of the jewel. Charming designs are illustrated in Messrs. Wilson and Gill's booklets, which can always be obtained on application.

A Royal Lead.

Women in Society who still wonder whether it is not a sin—as well as an effort—to smile in these sad and strenuous war-days should follow the royal lead. The Queen is always bright as well as sympathetic when she pays one of her many visits to the wounded, and the royal "bookings" for to-day's Drury Lane matinée in aid of the American War Hospital were headed by her Majesty, and supplemented by the names of Queen Alexandra and Queen Amélie of Portugal. The better the cause the more cheerfully, in every sense of the word, should it be supported.



A FAMOUS PIG-STICKER FOR THE FRONT: H.H. THE RAJA OF BARIA.

His Highness the Raja of Baria is a well known sportsman, and Hon. A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay. His education was completed in England, and he ascended the throne in 1908. The Raja has won the Salmon, Sir Pertab, and Gujerat Cups, in the Gujerat Pig-Sticking Meets, and is a fine horseman. He is now on his way to the front, his personal service having been accepted by the Government, and he has also offered the services of his troops.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.



NEW "REGIMENTAL BADGE" BROOCHES.

(Wilson and Gill.)



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DRESSY SILK SUIT
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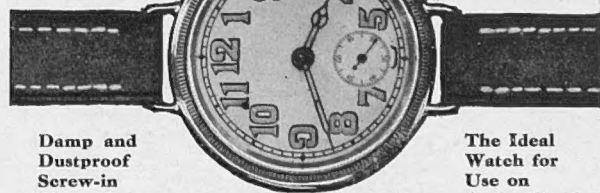
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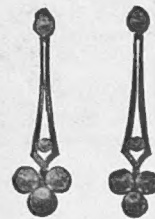
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

"A BLAST OF THAT DREAD HORN": A NEEDLESS NUISANCE: PROS AND CONS OF WIRE WHEELS.

Inartistic Horn-Blowing.

A few days ago, when in the West Country, I halted for tea in Evesham market-place. As I was just leaving my car, I heard a Klaxon horn vigorously sounded from a distance, and turned round to see what was coming. A small car, with an invisible driver, approached, and for fully a hundred yards the horn was kept going, although the road was perfectly clear for the whole distance. As the car passed, I noticed that it was driven by a youth who could not long have been in possession of a driving-license. He was sitting very low in the driving-seat, and could barely see over the scuttle-dash. Some forty yards further on there was a corner to be passed, and there were also a few people about; but instead of waiting until he was within reasonable distance, he had kept on sounding his raucous note from the moment he came into view.

The Ideal Warning.

This sort of thing, of course, is not only supremely silly, but even more annoying to considerate motorists than to the public at large. There is no longer any need for horns of the "barking" type to be used at all, even on country roads, nor should a horn of any kind be sounded in the aggressive manner above described. Anyone nowadays may obtain an equipment which, while inoffensive, is fully adequate to all requirements. I am as susceptible as anyone to the annoyance of being held back by a slow cart on a country road, but the equipment I carry is good enough for anything except the passing of a traction-engine. I have, in the first place, an ordinary Lucas bulb horn, which I chose with care; it has not only a very good note, mellifluous yet powerful, but the bulb is large and flexible enough to produce a fairly long-continued sound. For the approaching of a blind and winding corner, however, or signalling to a carter a hundred yards ahead, I use an Apollo electric horn, the note

That any driver should still revel in the use of more startling forms of warning, thereby needlessly exasperating other users of the road, is a mystery which I, for one, am quite unable to fathom.



STANDING BESIDE HIS WAR TYPE OF MORANE-SAULNIER MONOPLANE, WITH WINGS ABOVE THE PILOT'S HEAD TO GIVE A CLEAR FIELD OF FIRE: M. GARROS, THE CAPTURED FRENCH AIRMAN.

Roland Garros, the famous French airman who has unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Germans, after performing many brilliant feats in the war, had a special type of machine built for military work. The wings were placed above the pilot's head, high enough to give him a clear field of fire. In his air-battles he preferred to fly alone, handling both the aeroplane and the machine-gun himself.

Wire Wheels and Their Drawbacks.

Every motorist, I believe—particularly the man who is owner, driver, and mechanic rolled into one—would heave a sigh of relief if the advantages of the wire wheel were unaccompanied by any drawbacks. The former are so undoubted that I, for one, would not dispense with wire wheels on any account; but in two respects they do tax one's patience at times. One of these, none the less, could easily be cured if tyre-manufacturers would rise to the occasion. No experienced owner fails to go round the rims periodically in order to see whether the security-bolts are tight; but, in the case of a wire wheel, the butterfly-nut is sometimes wedged between two spokes and cannot easily be turned. This applies, of course, to wheels of relatively small diameter, and the difficulty could easily be met if tyre-makers would fit nuts with smaller wings, instead of, as appears to be the case, using a uniform size for all types of wheels. The really outstanding difficulty, however, is that of cleaning. When one comes home after a wet drive, it takes as long to clean a set of wire wheels as to go over the whole body-work and other parts of the chassis. Occasionally one sees wire wheels fitted with discs, but they are not yet in common use, and consequently there is not enough accumulated experience to show whether they are satisfactory or otherwise in practice. The spokes of a wire wheel are serviceable as a means of dissipating heat from the tyres, and this advantage would no longer be present if the wheels were enclosed; it is open to doubt, moreover, whether wheels covered with discs would not to some extent affect the steering in a strong side wind—on a light car, at all events. The whole question, however, is one which deserves more attention than it appears to have received up to now, for many people order artillery wheels, for the sake of convenience, who are, nevertheless, convinced of the mechanical superiority of the tangent type. I am sure that there would be little difficulty in finding a solution of the position, without prejudice to the valuable qualities of wire wheels.



THE CROSS AND THE RED CROSS: A RUSSIAN PRIEST BLESSING A FLEET OF MOTOR-AMBULANCES PRESENTED TO THE ARMY BY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Photograph by Topical.

of which, of course, may be maintained indefinitely, if required. It is in no way objectionable, but I never sound it when passing a street between echoing walls, for even the bulb-horn is powerful enough and will carry quite a respectable distance.

Tyre Guarantees

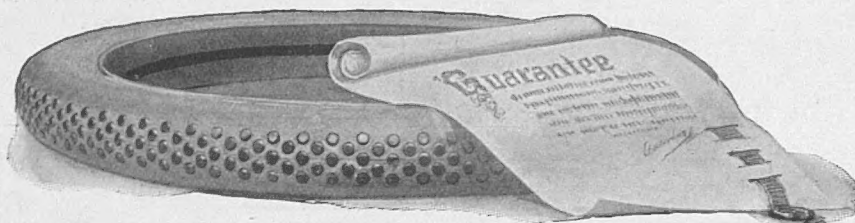
Much has been written against Tyre guarantees by those who do not offer one, yet the main point has been consistently avoided. A manufacturer who has a sincere conviction, based on experience, that his goods are absolutely reliable, should have no hesitation in giving a guarantee as to their quality—indeed, it is the most effective expression of his own confidence. On this principle

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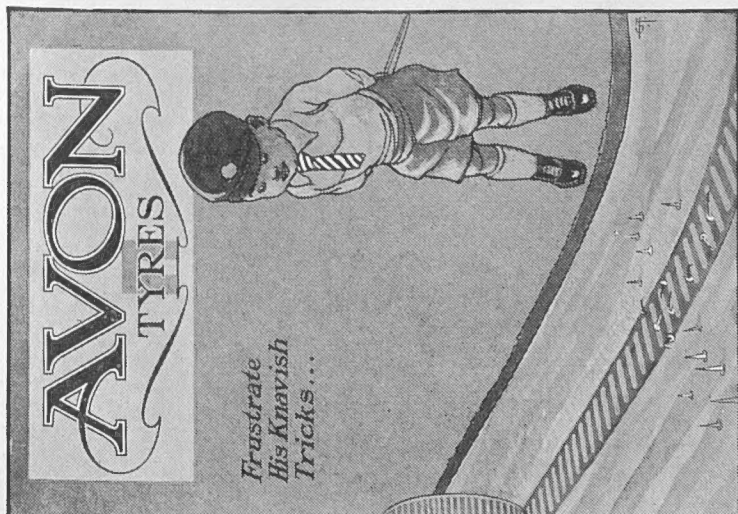
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ALL ABOUT BARGEES—AT THE THEATRE.

MR. W. W. JACOBS has provided a curtain-raiser to "Search-lights" at the Savoy. It is entitled "Keeping Up Appearances," and is all about bargees, of course; and it is neat and ingenious, and causes plenty of laughter. In other words, it is all that a curtain-raiser ought to be. It is the story of Silas, who found Bill giving way to the drink habit, and cured him by appearing as a ghost; and of Bill's wife, who helped in the plot except in so far as Silas used it to his own advantage. For Silas, in a green light, solemnly warned Bill to send a weekly allowance to Silas's wife; so Mrs. Bill pretended to see the ghost again (Bill being firmly under the bed-clothes) and to receive from it injunctions to bring the money with her own hand. So poor Bill had to give up the drink and pay fifteen shillings a week to Mrs. Bill. It was a clever little thing, and brightly acted by Miss Clare Greet, Mr. Tom Reynolds, and Mr. James Lindsay.

It might have seemed a bold venture to launch a new London club upon the troubled waters of war time, but the addition to Clubland which has just been made is no ordinary club, and its success is a foregone conclusion. Ciro's Club is unique in the West End, for Mr. Clement Hobson has given the members an essentially Parisian restaurant in club form. And Ciro's in London is on the lines of the famous Ciro establishments in Paris, Monte Carlo, and Deauville. Even on the first night, when five hundred people dined there, cuisine, wines, and attendance were perfect. The Peerage is largely represented in Ciro's list of members; and the beautiful decorations, the clever *chef*, the admirable *menu* and wine-list, and the well-drilled staff make the club quite as Parisian as Paris. A capital luncheon is served for 4s. 6d., and dinner at equally moderate charges, while Ciro's Belgian Orchestra plays with discretion. Supper at Ciro's is already in high favour, and dancing is indulged in on a perfect floor to a clever coloured band from New York. *The dansants* are held every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

PAQUIN, LIMITED.

SIR ALFRED J. NEWTON, Br., presided at the annual general meeting of Paquin, Ltd., held on April 22, and said that for the first time in their history they had to forego the declaration of a dividend and to face a very serious loss on the year's trading. He also referred sympathetically to the loss of their late Chairman, Sir John Barker. No human foresight could have foreseen the outbreak of a great European war, and on the declaration of war the business of the Paris house came to an absolute standstill. The commercially disastrous effect of this ghastly war had not been confined to the Paris house, but their branches in New York, Madrid, and Buenos Ayres had also suffered severely. Since the war began they had practically received nothing whatever from their foreign debtors. There was one bright spot in connection with the year's working, and it was that their London house was holding its own, and that they might look forward with some amount of confidence that that state of affairs would continue. The Chairman said that Sir John Barker had been proud of his connection with the firm of Paquin, Ltd., and had looked forward with confidence to its maintaining its great position as the foremost dressmaking house in France. Referring to the balance-sheet, the Chairman mentioned the great value of their freehold property in Paris and in Dover Street, and he read an interesting letter of regret for her absence, through illness, from Mme. Paquin, in which she said that, notwithstanding the tragic events which had paralysed business, she could not repress a feeling of optimism, should these events not drag out too long. Mme. Joire, wife of Mme. Paquin's brother, who is at the front, addressed the meeting, and said that with the daily revival of general confidence business activity will improve and give full satisfaction after the Allies' victory. The motion that the report and balance-sheet be received and adopted was carried unanimously. The election of Mme. Paquin as a director was unanimously confirmed, and Sir Alfred Newton was re-elected to the Board.



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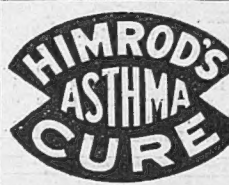
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